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We Watched Her Breathing.

We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied--
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed--she had
Another morn than ours.

THOMAS HOOD.

The Lesson.

[A beautiful answer was given by a little Scotch girl. When her class at school was examined, she replied to the question, "What is patience?" "Wait a wee, an' dinna weary."]

A village schoolroom—this the scene—
Aglow with a slant sun cherry
The dominie there, of youthful mien,
With the sum of his spirit sharp and keen,
And a class of girls in serried row;
Some taller, and some of stature low;
And some, like the morning sun, afire
To reach the summit of brave desire;
And, as aye, some unco' dreary!

"I canna an' winna teach, an' ye
Sae stupid the while I query—
Nae vision for ocht but vanity!"
With thundering rap the dominie
Out-blurted, chafed by a listless girl,
Whose only care seemed to smooth and twirl
Her apron streamers. "Will onie lass
Mak' answer in a' this ghaikit class?"
The dominie sighed aweary.

"Oh, ay," said a little one, "I can tell."
"Weel, out wi't, then, my dearie"—
And the frown from the master's forehead fell,
For the sweetest girl in the school was Nell—
"I want ye to show me the meaning plain
O' patience; sin' ow'r an' ow'r again
I've put it this day!" Then the little maid,
With a roguish twinkle, soberly said:
"Wait a wee, an' dinna weary."

—MARY B. DODGE.

JERRY, THE MISER.

It was a cobbler's shop, breaking the row of small private houses in a shabby suburban street. How it came there nobody knew. What is more, nobody cared.

Near the door, on this particular afternoon, were two females, the one elderly, the other graceful and young; both in the deepest of mourning. In front of it were two London street Arabs, as ragged as mirthful; before it stood the oddest being imaginable—a little old man, about four feet high, with a not over-clean face, iron-gray hair, on which rested a worn skin cap, shaggy brows, rather bow legs, and a dirty leathern apron. In irate tones, he was addressing the boys:

"Off with you, you young rascals! If you come playing your hopscotch and Sally-come-ups before my window again, I'll flay you alive."

Before the muscular fists the boys fled, hurling back derision. "Well done, Jerry—old Jerry the miser! Yah!"

The cobbler—for he hardly merited the more emphatic title of shoemaker—paid no heed, but, glancing sharply up from his bent brows at the two women, asked: "And what may you want?"

"We—we see," began the younger, looking timidly towards the square card in the window, "you have apartments to let."

"No, I've rooms—rooms. I don't know nothing of 'apartments;' I ain't up to them—nor the rooms ain't neither. Do you want to see 'em?"

"We did wish."

"All right; come along!"—and the little man swung round on his heel.

The two women, hesitating, looked at one another.

"We had better see them, mother," said the younger, with a wan smile of encouragement. "His bark may be worse than his bite, and all the other places are so dear."

Following the cobbler through the shop, he led them up stairs to the rooms. There were two, communicating by a door with each other; they were poorly furnished, but clean. As the women looked at them, the cobbler stared at them silently.

"Well," he asked, "what do you think of them?"

"They will do very well," answered the widow. "It's—only—the price!"

"Six shillings a week—in advance."

"Six shillings!" ejaculated the girl.

"Do you think it too much?"

"On the contrary, it is cheap."

"You know a lot of the world to say that. How do you know I shan't clap on another shilling?"

"I don't; but I should not fancy you would."

"About references"— began the widow.

"Don't want any—you pay in advance; and as, whenever you leave the house, it must be through the shop, you can't well take the furniture without my knowing. Is it settled?"

"If you please; here is the first week's rent."

The cobbler took it, scrawled out a receipt, nodded, and left his lodgers to themselves. Seated again on his bench, meditatively, he scratched his grizzled chin, and contemplated the six coins in his horny palm.

"Two bobs a week lost to-day!" he remarked. "Jerry, you miser, how could you do it?"

The cobbler's lodgers proved very quiet. They did not interfere with their landlord, and he, apparently, did not interfere with them. His rent was paid to the day.

They rarely spoke, save exchanging the ordinary morning and evening salutations when the daughter went through the shop. The mother never left the house. But Jerry, like most cobblers, was a man of observation, and he made such comments as the following:

"She's a beauty, she is; but awful white and sad. It's my opinion it's hard times with them up stairs."

Then, when the girl went out earlier and came home later, ever with a sadder, more depressed expression, he said: "I'll tell you what it is, Jerry; she's seeking after work, and doesn't get it!"

One evening, a few weeks after Mrs. Weston and her daughter rented the cobbler's apartments, the latter entered the shop later than usual.

The yellow lamp was flaring dismally, and Jerry, a boot on his knee, was hard at work. After the customary salutation, the girl was passing on, when the cobbler's voice arrested her.

"I say, your mother's ill, sin's she?" he asked, nursing his knee with both arms.

"Yes, Mr. Crayshaw, I am sorry to say she has been for some while ailing. She—she"— and the young voice trembled with tears—"is very sick."

"Then you must give her lots to eat," responded Jerry, staring out of the window. "The best thing for weak people is a nice fowl and a bottle of wine. Why don't you give them her?"

"I wish I was able, or even to provide her less expensive dainties; but—but"— and the tears fell fast—"I cannot."

"Ah, that's the fault, you see, of having no money. Good evening."

He resumed his work, and the girl, scarcely cheered by this little episode, went, with a heavy heart, up stairs.

Mrs. Weston was so ill, she was lying on her bed. The candle was in the room, and in the parlor grate burnt a few sparks of fire, over which was a small saucepan. On the table was a tea-tray, and a portion of a previous day's loaf. It was such a depressing welcome home after the weary, weary day, that with difficulty the poor girl could control her emotion.

"Is that you, Clare?" inquired the widow's feeble voice

"Yes, mother."

"Come to me, my child."

Clare pressed her white hands to her bosom, made an effort, and passed into the bedroom. But the mother's first words beat down all her noble-souled heroic self-repression.

"Clare, dear, you had better success to-day?"

The girl dropped on a chair, and burying her face on the coverlet, burst into a paroxysm of weeping.

"No, mother," she sobbed, hysterically. "It's the same old, old story; I can get nothing. What shall we do? I feel heart-broken."

"Clare, Clare, my child," ejaculated the mother, fondly embracing her, "do not you give way! What, indeed, will become of us then? My brave, brave girl, do not weep thus!"

"Pray let me; mother; I shall be better after it."

She, apparently, was right, for at the end of a few moments she looked up calmer; her tears ceased.

"There," she smiled; "I am better now. "It's good to give way at times, you know. At least, one can't help it, and our lot is so hard; but we shall get used to it."

"Hard! It breaks my heart to contemplate it when I think of you, Clare. What a different future did I and your father intend you, love! But who could imagine such a villain as John Burge ever existed!"

"Ah, me—ah, me! to look round at this place, and remember the pleasant home which once was ours! Now, we are alone, and not a single friend in the world."

"Not one! Oh, yes, mother, believe me, one!" cried the girl, quickly. "He—Gilbert—will be true—trust me, he will."

"Why then, Clare, has he not written?"

"I do not know—I cannot tell," exclaimed the daughter, piteously; "but, oh, pray, pray, mother, do not take that hope from me! Let me believe in Gilbert. It is my only support in this bitter misery!"

The widow, touched with a pleading countenance, was about to reply, when, interrupting herself, she said: "Clare, I hear some one in the parlor. See who it is, dear."

The girl obeyed, and started at the weird scene she beheld.

Seated before the grate, on a three-legged stool, was the cobbler, yet in leather apron and cap. On his knees was a bellows, which he was working with consummate skill, evidently a master of the art, sending the coals into bright blazes that threw flashes of lurid color over the quaint figure and the room.

Upon hearing Clare, he turned, almost with a snarl.

"How do you expect to boil a saucepan with such a fire as this?" he growled. "Never was hatter as mad as you, I'm certain. Now, look at that; ain't it a picture?"

Clare did look, and saw that not only were the coals increased, but that they were not from their own store.

"It is quite cheering," she managed to say, "but—but I fear, Mr. Crayshaw, you have been robbing yourself."

"Robbing myself?—me!—not a bit. I'm a miser. Didn't you here the boys call me so—Jerry, the miser!" he snapped. "I'd rob anybody sooner than myself. I am a miser, and I'm proud of it. Some men are called painter and poet. Well, I'm called cobbler and miser."

"Really!" said Clare, a little amused, a little frightened, looking at the glowing coals; "I should have scarcely thought so."

"That shows your ignorance," responded Jerry. "Can't you see, by calculation, it's cheaper to keep up one good fire than two small ones? so I'm going to sit by yours. Also, clubbing two persons' tea together is cheaper than taking it alone. It makes only one for the pot' necessary. You perceive, now, I am a miser. I want to have my tea here."

Clare looked at the table; upon it was a new loaf, fresh butter, eggs, and a neat package of tea.

"Oh, Mr. Crayshaw"—she began.

"Are you going to refuse?" he snapped. "Mayn't I have tea?"

"How could I refuse?" she began, when he interrupted by:

"Then don't lose time. See to the kettle. I'll boil the eggs."

Similar behavior from some people might have given offense, but there was such a quaint, odd way about Jerry that robbed it of that power. He was so old, and snapped and snarled as if really his suggestion was the result of deep-rooted meanness, instead of the contrary. Mrs. Weston did make some demur, but Jerry shut her up at once.

"I see. She's frightened at your taking tea with such a fascinating young fellow as I am," he said. "Leave the door ajar, then the old lady can take a squint at us now and then, and join the talk. I'm a wild young sprig, I confess."

Clare could not refrain from bursting into a merry peal of laughter. Jerry's gray eyes twinkled with delight under his shaggy brows as he looked up at her.

Well, the two bustled about, the cobbler certainly the briskest, until, finally, they were seated at a very comfortable tea. During the meal, Mrs. Weston deemed it right to inform their new friend of something of their history.

In her husband's lifetime they had been well-to-do. At his death they yet could have lived comfortably, had not a Mr. John Burge suddenly brought heavy claims on the dead man's property.

"I never quite understood what it was—I only know he must have been paid," said the widow, dolorously. "But we hadn't some papers we ought to have had to prove it. So he took from us every penny, and left us as you now see?"

"A confounded villain!" exclaimed Jerry, cracking his egg with a bowl of a spoon, as if it had been Mr. John Burge's bald head he had got under it.

"Then all our friends deserted us"—

"Except one," broke in Clare, with heightened color, which was not unnoticed by the cobbler.

"But one as yet," added the widow. "He is a gentleman, Mr. Crayshaw, who—who was once a great friend of my daughter's. He was in Australia at the time of our trouble, and though we wrote to tell him, we have not heard a syllable since. You know the world, Mr. Mr. Crayshaw!"

"I do, ma'am!" answered Jerry, emphatically; "and I know it's a sight better than people would try to make it."

"Ah!" cried Clare, gratefully, her face radiant, as involuntarily she extended her hand, "you think he may be true!"

"He'd be the greatest villain under the sun if he were not, my dear!" said the old man, cheerily; adding to himself: "Poor child—poor child; she, then, has to learn that lovers' vows are easier broken than shoestrings, and thought about as little!"

After this, still protesting it was cheaper for him, as a miser, to supply Mrs. Weston's fire than burn one of his own, he frequently passed his evenings with them. He also procured Clare some shoe-binding to do, which, though hard and difficult work, was something.

At the end of the week, he was grimacing at a boy through the boots in the window, when Clare came to pay the rent.

"Take it away," he said; "let it stand over."

"Oh, we could not think of that!" began the girl. "We were going to ask you if you would not mind a portion of it being left for next"—

"Take it away!" reiterated Jerry, getting into a fury; "I won't touch a farthing! I like being a creditor—for I can charge interest!"

"This kindness, after all you have done!" sobbed Clare, her tears falling.

"Go away!" roared Jerry; "I ain't going to have a scene here—they'll be taking me up for assault and battery next! Be off, and I'll be up to tea in five minutes."

"Bless your generous heart, which no assumed roughness can hide!" exclaimed Clare, gratefully, as she hurried from the shop.

Sitting down, Jerry bent his head on the counter, and bright tears trickled from his eyes into the boot on his lap.

"Poor thing—poor thing!" he murmured; "she's yet to learn that vows are broken easier than shoestrings, and"—

He was interrupted by the shop door opening. Looking up, he found before him a tall, well dressed man, with a bronzed face and thick beard and mustache. Jerry started.

"Pardon my intruding," said the stranger; "but can you give me the address of Mrs. Weston and her daughter; I heard they were living somewhere in this street?"

"No!" said Jerry. "What do you want with 'em?"

"They are friends of mine."

"Swells such as you don't often, I should think, have friends in this neighborhood."

"In the land I came from, friend, the rank is not the guinea's stamp. But I'll seek elsewhere."

"Stay a moment; I'll inquire."

Jerry, carefully closing the door behind him, sat down on the stairs and enjoyed a mute chuckle, fearfully apoplectic in character. On the landing he repeated it, with much movement of the legs. Then he entered his lodgers' parlor.

Dropping into the chair placed ready for him by the fire, rubbing his knees, his face one beaming smile, he cried: "Does any one believe in man! I don't! Does any one believe in Australian gold-diggers? I don't! Does any one believe in lovers keeping their vows? Lor-bless you, I don't—not a syllable!" Then, turning abruptly to the astonished women, he proceeded: "Look here; I'll give you a riddle. Suppose a certain Australian should come to England; suppose he should come to me; supposing he should come into this room, how would a certain party behave? Would he laugh? Would she faint?"

"Oh, mother!" cried Clare, starting up; "I know what he means. It is Gilbert!"

"My dear, reflect," interrupted the widow, restraining her.

"Yes, she's right!" exclaimed Jerry, with a caper. "It's Gilbert—Gilbert!"

Flying to the door, almost precipitating himself over the balustrade, he shouted: "You Australian, come up! You nugget of fidelity, come here!"

There was the bang of a door, a firm, rapid tread on the stairs, and the bearded stranger shot past Jerry into the room.

"Clare—my poor, poor Clare!" he cried.

"Gilbert!" she ejaculated, rushing into his arms.

The cobbler, after another caper, discreetly retired to his shop, and let off his superhuman excitement by a charge at the boys in the street.

Gilbert Fernside, a rich Australian cattle-owner, proved indeed a nugget of fidelity. There was a grand wedding, to which Jerry was asked, but he answered he was far too wise a man to make himself uncomfortable. Indeed, he sent the bride a pretty gold bracelet as his wedding gift—a present affectionately treasured by Clare.

Years after, the young wife, in her home at the antipodes, received the following characteristic letter:

"MY DEAR—While writing this I'm going off. When you get it, I shall have left. So this is to say good-bye. Bless you! I am a kindess old man, and, you know, a miser; but I'm not going to give my money to you. What would £1,000 be to your Australian digger? A drop in the ocean. Besides, you can do without it. No; it's going to the hospital for children, to which I have long been an unknown subscriber. Good-bye. Bless you—bless you all! Your old friend,

"JERRY, COBBLER AND MISER."

That letter, too, was treasured; and in the heart of the bright, cheerful home, in the wealthy land, "Jerry, the Miser," was ever held in cheerful memory.

An Absent Minded Woman.

A funny incident, which lately occured in the gas-office in Chicago, is described by the *Inter-Ocean*. The wife of a member of the Illinois Senate entered to pay her bill, carrying her portemonnaie, as was her custom, in her right hand. Having occasion to write her signature, she changed her pocket-book to her left hand, then started to go out. Noticing that her right was empty, she missed her pocket-book, and turned to a rough-looking individual who had been standing by meantime, exclaimed angrily: "I'll thank you for my pocket-book, sir."

Two or three of the bookkeepers rushed out, expecting to see the man try to escape, but he stood still and calmly answereed: "I haven't it, ma'am."

"You certainly have; I laid it down a moment ago here, and you are the only person who could have taken it."

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said the stranger, "but I am no thief. I have not got your pocket-book."

"I'll have you arrested and searched," cried the irate lady. "As you please," responded the man.

And as the madame tried to open the door to call a policeman, she discovered her purse in her left hand. The stranger smilingly listened to a profuse and prolonged apology.

A Trick of His.

Haynes, a comedian in the early part of last century, was arrested for a debt of £10. The Bishop of Ely happened to be riding by. "Gentlemen," he said to the bailiffs, "here is my cousin, the Bishop of Ely; let me but speak a word to him, and he will pay the debt and costs." Haynes stopped the bishop's carriage and whisped in his ear: "My lord, here are two poor waverers, who have such terrible scruples of conscience that I fear they will hang themselves." "You two men," called the bishop to the bailiffs, "come to me to-morrow, and I will satisfy you." The comedian departed in peace, and the next morning the bailiffs presented themselves at Ely Place. The bishop (struck, perhaps, by the comedian's ingenious device) is said to have paid the money.

The Boys.

Thuycidades Brown, a boy of promise, was compelled to stay at home from school for a few days on account of a severe cold. Neddie Preston, one of his mates, called on him and endeavored to cheer him up. He said: "I know how 'tis, Cid; when a fellow gits sick he's mighty lonesome, and likes to have his chums drop in on him." "Lonesome!" and Thuycidades roached under his pillow and drew forth three of those blood-curdling romances, bound in yellow paper and published by that friend of American youth, the dime novel man—"Lonesome? Not much! The fire was just beginning to crackle nicely under Bowie-Knife Bill when you came in, and I had to drop it."

BOILER EXPLOSIONS.

Meeting of the United States Commission Appointed to Investigate the Subject--Important Discovery.

The commissioners appointed by the United States government to determine the cause of boiler explosions have just completed their sessions. The commission is composed of some of the ablest professors and mechanical engineers in the country, and consists of Prof. Winlock, of Harvard University; Prof. Thurston, of the Stevens Institute of Technology; Isaac V. Holmes, Charles W. Copeland, and J. R. Robinson, mechanical engineers. Prof. Winlock, who presided at all the sessions, served in place of Supervising General Inspector Smith, who resigned, and Prof. Thurston was appointed to fill the place of Prof. Benjamin Crawford, deceased. The sessions just held are the first since the experiments at Sandy Hook and Pittsburgh, and since the appointment of the new members. The experiments which have been made have been of considerable value, but the chief object which was to be determined, namely, the discovery of what caused the extraordinary pressure or sudden occasion which caused boiler explosions, was defeated by the fact that experiment demonstrated that as yet there have been made no reliable pressure or head-gauges which determine the exact pressure and heat in a boiler. This was illustrated at Pittsburgh, where several pressure gauges were attached to the same boiler, which was being experimented upon, and after the pressure had reached 300 pounds a variation of 150 pounds was discovered between the different instruments. It was then determined that before further experiments should be made, the efforts of the members of the commission should be directed toward the construction of a pyrometer, which should accurately determine the heat and pressure upon a boiler. This was the subject discussed at the meetings, and from experiments which have been made by Mr. Robinson it is believed that a perfect instrument can be constructed. It is characterized as a discovery, rather than an invention, and it is stated that it will be possible, in case the water is lifted from the bottom of a boiler by heat or otherwise, to indicate that fact instantaneously by the new instrument, thus recording the exact temperature and furnishing most valuable information as to the causes of the sudden and extreme pressure which, being more than the resisting power of the iron, causes the explosion of the boiler. Should the hopes and expectations in regard to this instrument prove correct, it will be placed in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, where it will be used as the standard gauge for pressure throughout the country. It was decided to resume operations at Sandy Hook about the middle of June. The amount originally appropriated for the experiments was $100,000. A considerable portion of this sum has been expended in instruments which are of considerable value, but it is stated that there yet remain about $40,000.

Muscular Argument.

Do you know Dr. ——? But I won't give his name. He might not like to have it printed. But his friends—and they are legion—will recognize him. He is a dentist of Lewiston, Me., and most emphatically a live man. Of middle age (when the event happened of which I write), slight in build, but every cord and muscle like finely-tempered steel; light, wavy hair; features prominent and handsome; with a pair of eyes like stars. He was a radical man—radical in his friendship, in his religion, in his politics, and especially radical upon the subject of temperance. He was one of your positive men, acting always upon conviction.

The doctor was also a dear lover of true, manly and healthful recreation. Of good horses he was an ardent admirer, and his team was hard to beat.

The temperance men of Lewiston were pushing things, and the doctor pushed with them. In fact, he rather took the lead. A large number of surreptitious venders of the ardent were brought up and punished, and the disgusted sufferers swore vengeance. Particularly did they swear vengeance against the fair-haired, silver-tongued doctor.

The doctor's office was in Lewiston, and his dwelling over upon the other side of the river in Auburn. One evening, a little later than usual, he started for home on foot. It was dark when he reached the bridge. Upon the Auburn side he was confronted by two men who had evidently been lying in wait for him. They were stout, burly men, coarsely dressed, and very coarse of speech. By the light of a neighboring street-lamp the doctor recognized one of them as the keeper of a low groggery which had lately been cleaned out with his help.

The men were not utterly brutes. They gave their victim a chance. They told him, honestly, that they were going to lick him within an inch of his life. And thereupon they squared off.

"All right," said he, when the ruffians had announced their purpose. And with the quickness of lightning, and with about the same effect, he delivered a blow of his fist directly between the eyes of the foremost aggressor. Aggressor number two got the same dose instanter. As aggressor number one got upon his feet, a second blow leveled him again. And just so with number two.

"Come, come!" cried the doctor. "Hurry up. I can't wait here all night."

Aggressor number one raised himself upon his elbow, and wiped the blood from his nose.

"You needn't wait, doctor. We're satisfied if you are." And, with an oath, he added something about "a tramp," and about the David that slew Goliah.

The doctor, thus dismissed, wended his way homeward, humming a conference meeting hymn. I never heard of his being molested again.

Swindling.

Some rustics have just been "done" in a very contemptible way. Two well-dressed scamps found out the deaf people in town, and then proposed to cure them for from $50 to $100 each, according to their extremity, asking, of course, an advance payment. Some paid from $10 to $20 down, and were ornamented with a wire contrivance which came over the top of the head and down behind the ears, and which they were to wear four hours a day for eight weeks, as it would keep up a current of electricity that would ultimately restore the functions of hearing entirely. The swindlers, of course, have gone, but some of the dupes are still wearing their foolish head gear.

FRIGHTENED TO DEATH.—On the wall over the bed of a dying woman in Cohoes, N. Y., a cross appeared. It began with a mere outline, deepened in color until the woman died, and then faded. She saw it, and superstitiously regarded it as a premonition of death. The neighborhood was intensely excited, and hundreds went to see the cross. At length a matter of fact newspaper reporter investigated, and learned that a leak in the roof had let water into the plastering, the discoloration taking the significant shape by chance, and that when the rain storm was over the cross faded. It is probable that fright aggravated the woman's disease and killed her.

FRAUDS AND FARMERS.

A Hint for the Grangers to Work Upon--Swindles in the Air.

An easy but enviable immortality awaits that grange or farmers' union which will successfully divert the agricultural attention from the mighty miseries of railroad monopoly to the petty frauds which infest our farmers' lives like vermin in a beggar's gaberdine. The farmer is more exposed to petty swindling and is more swindled in petty ways than any other class in our communities. This proceeds partly from his isolation and the unsophisticatedness inseparable from that condition; but it is partly due also to an impatience of slow returns and a believe in short-cuts to wealth. Commonly the farmer takes only one paper, a weekly; often he takes none. In the former case he religiously reads every line, advertisements and all. New seeds that yield impossibly, new breeds of stock and fowls, new varieties of fruit, miraculous potatoes, oats which stand like bean poles and quiver with golden harvests, corn which produces fifty ears to the stalk—he hears of all these wealth-bringing prodigies, he sees them certified to in the most authentic way, he believes in them implicitly and invests in them extravagantly.

If the farmer takes no paper at all, and conducts his affairs entirely by the unaided force of natural talent, him the "agent" spies out, lies in wait for, pounces upon, and grows fat by despoiling. Say the agent is a fruit peddler: he exhibits his magnificently colored lithographs of impossible peaches, apples and pears, or goes around with carpet-bags filled with samples of hypertrophied California fruit preserved in spirits to point his moral and adorn his tale. The farmer buys strawberry plants by sample and finds he has secured a fine growing crop of clover roots. We have known an agent, says the New York *World*, to make a clever living by going round the country selling plants of that pretty solanaceous herb, the *Physalis Alkekengi*, as a new and valuable variety of winter-ripening cherry.

Even if the farmer escapes being victimized by the agent and the advertisement, he is still liable to be caught by the insidious wiles of the local Congressman and the deceitful seed packages of the Agricultural bureau. One cannot always be upon the *qui vive*, and imagine the anguish which awaits the farmer who, going away from home upon business, finds on returning that his son has doctored the sheep or the cows according to recipes found in the agricultural report, and his wife has sowed her flower beds with seeds from Commissioner Watts!

It occurs to us that the granges have here a wide field for the exercise of a very signal usefulness. Here are abuses which they can successfully attack, and which the whole country will thank them for abating. If they will ferret out these fraudulent agents and swindling advertisements and expose them upon all occasions, they will remit a good many sturdy knaves to honest industry while saving the farmers an annual sum of money absolutely lost, the aggregate of which would suffice to endow half a dozen colleges upon the most liberal scale.

If in addition to hunting down individual swindles the granges should make determined war upon the ignorance which renders such swindling prosperous, they will be doing a work of national education quite out of the reach of school boards and college corporations. It is probable that there is nothing which the collective American people need so urgently to learn as the simple fact that, two and two making four, two and two cannot make five at any time, in any place, nor under any conceivable circumstances. The collective people can only learn this by each person realizing it for himself individually. Ignorance of this principle underlies pretty much all mistakes, financial, political, moral, as well as agricultural.

A Plot for a Playwright.

We remember a tradition of the Mac-a-Cheek valley that would be well to commence with. After the fight and destruction of the Indian towns in that locality, one of the volunteers, wandering in the woods, saw the head of an Indian peering at him from behind a rock, and without a moment of any length and a resolution quite as brief, brought his gun to his shoulder and fired a shot that tumbled over the inquisitive aboriginal. To the hunter's horror, he found the victim of the female sex, with a papoose strapped to her back. He removed the babe, and he and his companion buried the mother. He carried the infant over a hundred miles to his log cabin, on the banks of the Ohio, and adopted the boy. He grew to manhood, a shy, wild fellow, with no taste for civilized pursuits and a love for the woods.

The situation was not pleasant; for the youthful Lo was expected to work for his living, and the labor was of the hardest. To make matters worse he had the misfortune to fall in love with his patron's daughter, a beautiful girl, with no end of suitors, and, as an Indian in those days was regarded as little better than a negro, his love-making did not prosper. His love was soon plighted to another, and as the wedding day drew near the young Indian disappeared. The marriage came off with its usual rough merry-making, that consisted of rifle shooting, races and wrestling during the day and and dancing and drinking at night. The merry-making continued all night. The next morning the two so lately united for life were called to breakfast. They did not respond for the very good reason that both were dead, being found murdered on their bridal couch.

All knew who the avenger was; but to leave no doubt upon that head a wampum belt, worked by the poor girl years before, was found upon the floor at her feet. But he was never heard of after. He seemed to vanish into night and memory. The poor father, recognizing the hand of retribution, took to drink, and was sent to Congress.

The Overcrowded Cities.

There is hardly a city in the United States which does not contain more people than can get a fair, honest living, by labor or trade, in the best times. When times of business depression come, like those through which we have passed, and are passing, there is a large class that must be helped, to keep them from cruel suffering. Still the cities grow, while whole regions of the country—especially its older portions—are depopulated year by year. Yet the fact is patent to-day that the only prosperous class is the agricultural. We have now the anomaly of thrifty farmers and starving tradesmen. The agricultural class of the West are prosperous. They had a good crop last year, and have received good prices for all their products; and while the cities are in trouble, and manufactories are running on half time, or not running at all, the Western farmer has money in his pocket, and a ready market for everything he has to sell. The country must be fed, and he feeds it. The city family may do without new clothes, and a thousand luxurious appliances, but it must have bread and meat. There is nothing that can prevent the steady prosperity of the American farmer but the combinations and "corners" of middle-men, that force unnatural conditions upon the finances and markets of the country.

The Metropolis of Holland.

It is one of the peculiarities of Holland, says a writer in *Scribner's* magazine, that we go down into it from the sea, and the further in we go the deeper down we get. The metropolis lies on a river or estuary called (for short) the IJ. Into this we entered through a ponderous granite-built lock—one of an assorted series, or various sizes, adjusted to vessels of larger or smaller dimensions. After we had been shut into our compartment the valves were opened, and we followed the declining water until it reached the level of the IJ, when the gates were swung back and we steamed on to the city.

And here we were in Amsterdam—the mother of the "Nieuw Amsterdam" of Peter Stuyvesant and Wouter Van Twiller. The guide-books (to which the reader is respectfully referred) are fond of calling this town "the Venice of the North," which misleads the imagination. Like Venice, it is built on piles. Erasmus speaks of its people living like birds perched on the tops of trees—and some of its obscure narrow alleys are only canals. Beyond this, the resemblances are only differences. The canals pentrate many of the principal streets, it is true, but these are wide thoroughfares, with broad, well-paved roadway and sidewalk, and often with four rows of trees—the water way being between the center rows. Carriages and heavy drays are moving in every direction, and the canals are but little used for internal traffic. Canalboats, lighters, and in some parts even square-rigged ships are floated opposite to the warehouses which are to receive or to deliver their cargoes; but the city has a roar and hum that would at once destroy the dreamy charm of Venice.

There is much in Amsterdam that is magnificent, and in which we were greatly interested, but my present purpose is mainly connected with those of its features which seldom engage the attention of travelers. Rising at daybreak, I strolled out to see the street life of the early morning. Market men and market women from the country, near and far, dressed in their widely varying local costumes, were plying their traffic in the streets and on the canals, and house-maids were scrubbing steps and sidewalks, and sweeping to the middle of the carriageway, or hurrying home with prayer-book or market basket. The town was alive with a population which a few hours later would make way for those who are only known to the broader day.

Canalboats were arriving and departing; moving out from their berths through a crowd of other crafts, with that mysterious kind of silent help that a moving canalboat always gets from the crews of its neighbors at rest—its sides are prodded with boat hooks from here and from there, and it slowly floats out from the crowd and starts on its way "sans mot dire;" turfboats were floating into the Dam Rak, furling their sails and lowering their masts; cargoes of cabbages were being tossed, one by one, from men in boats to men on shore; here the clatter of knives and forks was heard through low back window and cabin-hatch, and here the vrouw was washing up the breakfast things in a slat-floored kitchen sink hanging from the taffrail; strange-looking people were doing strange-looking things throughout all the strange-looking fleet, and all with the air of its being in no wise unusual or peculiar. On shore, a street vender was thrashing custom with a watchman's rattle; men were hoisting baskets of turf to the cellar, at the top of a high house gable; women and children were going from a basement with the sign "water en vuur te koop," with neatly painted iron buckets, each having a kettle of boiling water at the top, and a lump of burning turf at the bottom—going home to make the morning tea; at every quarter-hour the carillon jingled from all the steeples. The gin shops were already well patronized, for it seems a universal habit, in this most northern climate, to take "een sneeuwballetje" of gin and sugar as a frequent prophylactic. At this early hour, and about the canals, the gilded heads and odd bonnets of the peasant women are more frequent than elsewhere, or later in the day.

Boiler Explosions in England.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: The list of persons killed by accident in 1874 is very heavy, and under one head alone, namely, that of boiler explosions, the figures are startling. Mr. E. B. Marten, chief engineer to the Midland Steam Boiler Inspection and Assurance Company, in his annual report for 1874, says that during the year records were obtained of seventy-six boiler explosions, causing the deaths of seventy-seven and the injury of one hundred and ninety-eight persons. These records cannot be presumed to contain all the explosions in the United Kingdom, as many are not heard of beyond their own neighborhood. Of the two hundred and seventy-five persons killed or injured ten were owners, masters or managers, thirty-two were engine men or stokers, one hundred and eighty-three employed at works, about twenty of whom were women, and about fifty bystanders, some dozen of whom were women and children. There were inquests or inquiries in the forty fatal cases; and, five being in Scotland, the result was not made public. In nearly all the other cases the verdict was accidental death, and sometimes blame was attributed to those responsible, in one case amounting to manslaughter. The explosions happened—nineteen at mills of various kinds, fourteen at iron works, and thirteen at mines and collieries, with the result that fifty-four persons were killed and one hundred and sixty injured. The other explosions are ranged under the several heads of chemical, domestic, marine, builders, railway, clay, brewery, farm, and "no information."

A Terrible System.

We read an interesting account of the "silent system" which is in operation at the Holloway model prison in London: It is an offense for a prisoner to speak one word, and he is never addressed except in whispers, so that he may be in prison two years without hearing the natural sound of the human voice. The effect of this is so terrible on the mind that prisoners will speak out in desperation, at the risk of any punishment, rather than endure that horrible silence. They never see one another, but remain in perpetual solitude. There is a fine hole in each cell, and as the wardens wear India rubber soles they can never be sure of being unwatched. Every day the prisoners are taken to a chapel so arranged that they can see no one save the chaplain, and him only through an iron grating. And thus is the order of devotion observed. Wardens are constantly on the watch, lest for a single instant they, through the whole of the service, depart from the rigid rule of "eyes right." They must look steadfastly at the preacher; must raise and lower their prayer-book with the elbows squared, and all at once, like soldiers at drill. They may not scrape their feet without having afterward to explain the movement. They scarcely wink an eye or sigh without danger of rebuke or punishment.

In Japan wheat is sown in November in drills sixteen inches apart, and one and a quarter bushel of seed to the acre.

CAST AWAY ON AN ICE FLOE.

Terrible Experience of a Party of Fishermen on the Ice---Thirteen of Them Die.

The steamship Nurnberg, which arrived at Baltimore from Bremen, took from the schooner George S. Fogg ten fishermen who on March 2d had left St. Mary's, Newfoundland, to board a brig which was ice bound two miles from the shore. On their return they found the ice had separated from the shore, and that they were afloat upon it. The party originally consisted of thirty-four, of whom seven were frozen to death on a cold night succeeding the accident. Nine others became separated from their companions, three of whom were picked up by the schooner George S. Fogg, the remaining six having perished on the ice. The rest of the castaways regained the ice-bound vessel. They found nothing to eat or drink on board except molasses. The ship drifted out with the ice, but was in sight of the coast six or seven days.

On the 11th of March, after ten days of intense suffering from hunger, thirst, and cold, the castaways sighted a schooner about four miles to the eastward. As the ice was too weak to bear a man, they took a boat from the ship and made for the schooner. It proved to be the George S. Fogg, Capt. Spence. They were received with great kindness, but of course had to live on short rations. Subsequently eight of the men were transferred to a brigantine and three to a brig bound to Harbor Grace, N. F.

Andrew Mooney, a survivor, says the ice had been firm all winter, and some of the villagers had gone out upon it frequently to hunt seabirds. It had shown on signs of moving before that fatal day. Notice had been received from the headlands that a vessel was seen drifting about, and on the 2d of March the brig was discovered two and a half miles from the shore, fast in the ice. The party of thirty-four was quickly gathered, and they started out on the ice to her and spent the day on board. Toward evening they started homeward; but had not proceeded far when the terrible fact became apparent that the ice had parted from the shore, and the opening was increasing every moment. Consternation seized upon them as they hastened forward, and each threw away his outer heavy clothing as he ran, to be encumbered as little as possible.

When the brink of the ice was reached, the space of water between them and the shore was half a mile wide, the ice having broken one mile out from the land, and the immense field upon which they stood was floating steadily further out to sea. It was not quite dark. The party was exhausted, and but half clad, and they prepared for the terrible cold which soon set in. At first it rained until they were all wet to the skin. The rain then turned to sleet and snow. The wind veered to the northward, and the cold became intense, the fierce blasts of wind cutting them to the bone. Then came the struggle for life, the men stamping their feet and running madly about, the more sturdy encouraging the weak and faltering. The cold increased until, as Mooney says, it had reached a degree of intensity not equaled before in that latitude this winter.

At midnight the cold and exhaustion began to tell upon several in the little party. First one and then another of them would lie down, saying he could go no further. The others would pick them up and try to keep them on their feet; but after reeling for a short distance like drunken men they would fall senseless upon the ice and die without a struggle. Those able to keep their feet had enough to do to keep themselves from falling into the fatal lethargy, and with sad hearts each victim was left to his fate. When morning dawned seven corpses were counted at intervals upon the ice, and of the remainder none could tell who was to be the next victim. A piece of ice twenty feet square floated near the brink of the ice in the open water, upon which nine of them got, hoping that it would float toward the shore ice, and they could thus save themselves. When it had floated three hundred yards from the ice upon which their comrades stood it grounded, and the unfortunates remained upon it for three days and nights, during which time six of them died, the other three being those picked up by the schooner George S. Fogg on the 5th of March. All the food they had in all that time was a small whitefish, which was divided between them. Of the three men two are badly frozen.

The eighteen men remaining after the nine floated off on the smaller ice field made their way back to the abandoned brig, which was tightly jammed in the ice, and was carried with her. All expected to die in her, and some of them had lost their senses before reaching her a second time. The fishermen, who admit they are unlettered, could not read her name, but knew she was not English. The crew had left on the ice for Hollow Road, a village near St. Mary's, the 1st of March. The brig moved with the ice for a week in sight of land, and the fishermen were on her ten days.

To a question as to how the news would be received in St. Mary's, Mooney replied: "There is now mourning in every household, for they do not know any of us are saved." He said he had six children, and that some of those who had died had families equally large.

Capital vs. Labor.

The cotton masters of North Lancashire, England, held a meeting and resolved "on a general lockout unless the operatives of Pickering's mill, in Blackburn, who are now on a strike, returned to work unconditionally." Taken as a question of duty between man and man, it is hard that the operatives in all the mills of North Lancashire should be turned out of employment simply because those who work in Pickering's factory will not consent to the terms imposed upon them. We can see no justice in such a resolution, says the New York *Herald*, but we see infinite danger in this policy of retaliation. It is the ar

THE CENTRE REPORTER,

FRED. KURTZ..... Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., April 22,, 1875.

TERMS.—$2 per year, in advance, 2,50 when not paid in adeance.
Advertisements 20c per line for three insertions, and for 6 and 12 months by special contract.

Now since John Covode is dead, challenges to spell are the order of the day. If John were alive we'd put him against "enny."

There is nothing new in the situation in the coal region. The miners are as stubborn as ever, and the operators as determined as before.

The Lock Haven Republican is against the third term, and calls upon the Republican state convention which meets at Lancaster next month, to repeat its condemnation of the third term in language not to be misconstrued or disregarded. We sympathise with our neighbor, but as Grant and his office holders run the radical party, third-termism will be hard to squelch—Grant will die hard on that question.

And the Gazette and Bulletin, radical of Williamsport, does not relish third-termism. It says:

"The result of the election in Connecticut on Monday, as compared with that in New Hampshire last month, makes it clear that the sooner the Republican party puts its foot on the third-term bugaboo the better."

Good enough—but we expect to see the day when the Gazette will have to swallow this same "bugaboo" and say it is good.

Mackey, the State Treasurer of Pennsylvania, has made an affidavit showing that the State is practically bankrupt, as he swears that on March 31, there was but one dollar and seventy-six cents of valuable cash in the Treasury. When the character of the men who have had the handling of the State funds for some years past is borne in mind, the people of Pennsylvania may perhaps think themselves luckey that even that trifling sum is left.

The election of three Democratic Congressmen in Connecticut out of four gives us still another State in the House of Representatives in case, by the throwing out of the votes of Southern States, the election should go into that body. There are thirty-eight states in the Union, Twenty are necessary for a choice, and the Democrats have now twenty-two. They will probably carry California, which will have twenty-three. This is a comfortable margin that will cover all chances of accident.

The treasury of this commonwealth is just about bankrupt—so swears the republican state treasurer, R. W. Mackey. Only one dollar and three levies in the money box! Well that's rather thin, or shallow, and our republican officials must have been wading into the concern too often making a little stick to them at every plunge, until now there is less than two dollars left. Yes this is true, for Mr. Mackey has made oath to the alarming fact, and Pennsylvania will become a public charge, to be let out to the bidder who will find her grub for the lowest price. Our legislators went home, at least many of them, at the close of the late session, without their pay—there were no funds to cash them. Now this should not be under good republican rule. But it may be well, for the treasury being empty, stealing will have to stop for a little spell at least, and the plunderers may have time to stop and think over their past evil ways, and get time to reform.

BISMARCK.

Concerning the wisdom of the penalty which Bismark inflicted on France for letting slip the dogs of war against Prussia, history may have two opinions, but it can hardly have more than one concerning the wisdom of the penalties which Bismark is inflicting on his own fellow-citizens for speaking disrespectfully of himself. According to our Berlin correspondent, during the short month of February last, for example, no less than ninety German citizens were sentenced to a fine and imprisonment for "speaking disrespectfully of Prince Bismarck," to say nothing of some two hundred other cases under the same laws, besides a host of domiciliary visits, banishments, summary arrests, suppressions of schools and clubs, prohibitions of public meetings and so forth. One citizen, a journalist, inquired what would be the penalty for calling Bismarck 'a scamp," intending, probably, to perpetrate the offence if the penalty suited him. The official answer was prompt and explicit. The circumspect inquirer was sentenced to imprisonment for two months! Bismarck certainly is ruling with a rod of iron. Is he mad? Or does he forget that in this era playing the tyrant is playing the fool and the devil at the same time? Whatever may be the explanation, his iron rule, if carried long at this pitch, will be apt to end in blood, as it began. And here we may appropriately recall an incident which is said to have marked its beginning. Towards the close of 1870 Bismarck gave a dinner-party, at which, as was natural and becoming, some of his guests complimented him upon the great fame he had won, assuring him that he would be immortal as the first statesman of this century. Bismarck, it is said, received these congratulations with gravity, and replied: "I am by no means certain of "what you say; I have too long yet to "live; were I as old as Moltke, now, I "should have no fears; he is so old that "he must soon die, and it is not at all "probable that in the short time he has "left to him he will make any blunder "that will rob him of his fame. But I "am still young, and the chances are "ninety-nine to a hundred that before I "die I shall make such a fool of myself "that all the good things I have done "will be forgotten. I am not sure in fact "that the blunder has not been already "made." Comment is unnecessary. Is the prophet fulfilling his own prophecy?—*Time*

The postoffice department is in receipt of information that parties who have secured contracts for a large number of mail routs in the Western States are systematically offering to sublet them, thereby assuming in effect the position of mail-route brokers. One party in Kansas has sent out postal cards inviting bids for sub-letting specific routes, and stating, in a printed postscript, that he has sixty-five routes to dispose of, and will send catalogues on application. The Department has taken steps to break up this sort of business, so far as possible, without delay.

The market value of a legal tender dollar is 86 9-10 cents.

DEATH OF A VENERABLE LADY.

Mrs. Reed, mother-in-law of Governor Bigler, died at her home in Clearfield a short time ago. The venerable lady was once a citizen of our beautiful valley, we copy from the Clearfield Republican some of the incidents in the life of this lady as furnished by a writer in that paper:

"Mrs. Reed," says the writer, "was borne in Cecil county, Maryland, in 1792, from which her parents emigrated to Penn's valley, Centre county, in the year 1795, and from thence to Clearfield county (then Lycoming and Bedford) in 1803, having been preceeded to the latter section by only sixteen families. Clearfield was then known as 'Old Town,' so designated because it had been an Indian town, and this section of Pennsylvania was familiarly called the 'backwoods.'

"Mrs. Reed, in these trying times, whilst modest and diffident in her bearing evinced remarkable forecast and moral courage, and, although quite young, she had a prominent part in the imigration and settlement of the family in their new home in the wilderness. She distinctly remembered in her latter days that imigration was not then as now —by means of elegant coaches or palace cars—but was accomplished by horses and pack-saddles, and on foot; and also that as to domestic comforts, the log house, eighteen by twenty feet, a story and one-half high, was accounted to evidence of special thrift by the pioneers of that day. Mrs. Reed, by reason of her peculiar qualities of mind, was an effective helpmate to her parents, constantly ministering to their comfort and relieving their needs. A single feature in her history will sufficiently reflect her remarkable character. In 1808, when only sixten years of age, she traveled all the way from 'Old Town' to Philadelphia on horseback; thence to Washington, Delaware, and across the country to Fredrick, Maryland, and returned by way of Baltimore and Harrisburg to Clearfield, a distance of nearly 700 miles! Part of this trip she had the company of one of her brothers, and from Baltimore to Penn's valley she was accompanied by Mrs. William Stewart. From Baltimore to Clearfield she carried a set of China cups and saucers in her lap and delivered them to the family residence without a flaw.

"She was of Scotch descent, and her parents had a somewhat prominent part in public matters during and preceeding the Revolutionary war. Two of her great uncles on her mother's side, were members of the Mecklenburg convention.

"In the early days of her married life, she was in the habit of going to church on horseback, traveling from ten to eighteen miles over roads, the condition of which may be imagined by her grandchildren, but not realized."

HIGH JINKS IN WASHINGTON.

It may perhaps still be within the recollection of some among our readers that when those petty parasites of the "Washington Ring" known as the "Legislative Assembly of the District of Columbia" were legislated out of existance by the last Congress, its members on receiving official notification of the fact signalized their hegira from the hall in which they were wont to hold such sweet counsel with Shepherd and his brother by the indiscriminate pillage of all the movable property which admitted an easy deportation. Hastily construing themselves into the residuary legatees of the defunct body-politic which they had previously animated with their lively and enlightened discussions, these municipal Solons incontinently administered on such remains of the Assembly's estate as had escaped the wear and tear of public life at the capital. Desks and ink-stands and water-coolers straightway vanished from sight, and the places that once knew them know them no more forever. One enterprising member, a brother of the colored persuasion in District politics, as if presaging an impending return to mental duties, and apparently realizing with Thomas Jefferson the necessity of "a frequent recurrence to first principles," laid his heavy fingers (we cannot call him "light-fingered" even by a metaphor) upon a stray dust-brush which he chanced to espy as he made his melancholy exodus, and forth he came, grave and sedate as if emerging from the cave of Trophonious, with the feathered part of the familiar domestic implement snugly stowed away under his waistcoat and its handle pendent in the leg of his trousers.

It appears from some recent proceedings in the "Supreme Court of the District of Columbia" that during the flush times of the Washington Ring the members of this same Legislative Assembly were in the habit of stowing away other things than dust-brushes beneath the protecting ægis of their waist bands. Such a roystering crew of trencher-men we have not read of since the days of Friar Tuck and the goodly fellowship of Robin Hood. It seems that in the estimation of these Washington toss-pots they thought it only just that they should be parasites in deed as well as in name. Hence their consumption of creature comforts was something enormous during the period of their wassail in the Federal city. The hall of legislation was little more than an ante-chamber to the restaurant. The only disagreeable incident to so many fugitive pleasures of the municipal palate is the fact that the "horrors of digestion" have come to these bibulous and paunchy legislators in the shape of a vexatious lawsuit, with all the *eclaircees* attendant on such an exposure of Ring practices and Ring moralities under the dynasty of Boss Shepherd and the immediate eye of President Grant.

The legislative henchmen of Shepherd unfortunately forgot in the haste of their involuntary adjournment to make the *et ceteras* of their "Contingent Expenses act" sufficiently comprehensive to embrace in the judgment of an official Author's charity (covering as it does a multitude of sins) all the dinners and lunches and sandwiches and brandy-smashes which in the short space of a few weeks these faithful public epicures contrived to hide away in the private abdomen. So it comes to pass that at this late day the official caterers of Boss Shepherd's trusty lieges are now sueing the Speaker of the late Legislative Assembly, one Peter Campbell, for "the little bill" which he neglected to settle on public account, and which he finds altogether too large for his private purse since the suspension of contracts for concrete and wooden pavements at Washington.

In order that our readers may understand how they managed things at Washington during the hey-day of Shephard and the Mosque of Comus which danced and guzzled in his train, we submit a few specimens of the Apician literature which has been suddenly brought to light by the developements of of the pending suit. As models of terse composition and of pithy condensation they have rarely been surpassed. Take the following examples:

"Godfrey: Pair fried chickens, etc., six bottles of wine, one box of cigars, two bottles of Stag. CAMPBELL.

"May 10, '73."

"Godfrey: Please send me a Stag."

"Godfrey: Please send over one bottle of Stag and one of brandy; also, twenty-five good cigars. CAMPBELL."

Sometimes the legislative mind of Mr. Speaker Campbell seems to have been too much engrossed with his arduous public duties to indite these accusing documents with his own hands. It was then that he gave his orders to the provident Godfrey by proxy. As witness the following:

WASHINGTON, June 17, 1873.

"*Mr. Godfrey.*

Sir: I am directed by the Speaker to request you to furnish a lunch for the members of the House (twenty-two members).

"W. J. DONOHO, Chief Clerk."

"June 22, whiskey and cigars, ordered by Hulse;' 'June 23, whiskey, brandy and six dinners, Herbert;' 'June 25, dinner, wine, whiskey, brandy, cigars;' '26th, five dinners for clerks, Donoho;' 'two bottles whiskey, Donoho;' '26th, to dinner and wine, Urell;' '26th, three suppers and drinks, Seargeant-at-arms;' '26th, drink, M'Knight.'

"Send one dozen sandwiches.

"June 26. W. J. DONOHO."

"Godfrey: Please send over one bottle of whiskey and one box of cigars for the use of the Committee on Appropriations. I will get an order from the Speaker. C. L. HULSE.

"Chairman Committee on Appropriations."

"Godfrey: another bottle of whiskey, and another box of cigars. HULSE."

But among these judicious samplers of Mr. Godfrey's liquors, and these consumers of his provend, "the Committee on Disinfectants" seems to have been the most potent. Its Chairman was one Sidney W. Herbert, a colored brother whose zeal for disinfecting agents to promote the salubrity of the Washington sewers took the following direction:

"*Mr. Godfrey, of the Chesapeake.*

"Sir: You will please send immediately for the Committee on Disinfectants a lunch for seven, to consist of fried chicken, four porterhouse steaks, boiled and fried potatoes, milk toast, one bottle of brandy, two bottles Stag whiskey, four bottles Krug wine and necessary fixings; also one box of cigars. Respectfully,

"S. W. HERBERT.

"P. S.—One of your bottles broke before being abused. Please send another to take its place."

The gentle Herbert when put on the witness-stand to explain these specimens of his hygienic science, was frank to admit that "he had spoken to Mr. Campbell on the subject, and he understood the articles were to be charged to the House of Delegates."

A despatch from Washington to-day announces that the trusting Godfrey has gained his suit and been allowed $850. In justice, however, to Mr. Speaker Campbell, who seems to be a most exemplary Republican as "the party of great moral ideas" now goes, we ought to say that the reason he assigns for ordering all his "Stags" and "brandies," etc., from Godfrey and partner, was that these purveyors to the public punch "made no distinction on account of color" in the dispensation of meats and drinks. It is gratifying to find that these public swindlers, while waisting the substance of the District in riotous living, were so careful to keep their consciences void of offence on the score of miscegenation. Your modern Republican of the ring-streaked and speckeled stripe may steal from the public crib as opportunity offers, and may diddle an unfortunate bonifacе out of the choicest liquors and platters, but he will be false to his principles *never*.—*World*.

When James Lick of San Francisco in June of last year made a deed conveying property of the value of several millions of dollars to trustees, to be used for the endowment of various public institutions and for the purchase of works of art, the praises that were lavished upon him by the press of California were only equalled in intensity by the opprobrium with which the same newspapers seek to overwhelm him now that he has endeavored to revoke his gift, for the purpose, as he says, of making such a modification of his plans as will enable him to see the work he proposed carried out in his lifetime, and also in order that he may make a more liberal provision for those who have natural claims upon him. Among the things which Mr. Lick had directed his trustees to do were the expenditure of $700,000 for erecting and equipping an astronomical observatory in California; while $400,000 was to be appropriated for the erection of monumental sculptures, and $300,000 for a school of mechanical arts. Thus far the trustees have realized about $800,000 from the sale of property and as they had entered into a contract for the construction of the Lick family monument, and had sent Prof. Newcomb to Europe to make arrangements for the manufacture of a telescope for the observatory, it does not seem as if they had any intention of waiting for the death of the doner before carrying out his expressed purposes. The San Francisco Chronacle says that the real reason for the revocation is that ever since the philanthropic act of Mr. Lick became public, he has been besieged by lawyers employed by his retatives to labor with him on their behalf, and that it is owing to their importunities that he has sought to recover possession of the property. When his request was laid before the trustees, however, they refused to relinquish the property, saying they had not sought to be trustees, but that having accepted the duty, they had faithfully performed their part, and that as private and public institutions, as well as the public at large are interested in the trust, they must continue to discharge it. When this answer was received, Mr. Lick hastened to execute and record a formal deed of revocation; but it is contended by the counsel of the trustees that this is invalid. The result is likely to be a protracted and unpleasant litigation, which, howsoever it may terminate, will probably prove fatal to Mr. Lick's reputation as a philanthropist.

OUR TIMBER CROP.—At present, says the Clearfield Republican, we can say but little about our timber business. One thing is certain, the fall off in the production is at least one-half less than last year. Instead of sending seventeen hundred rafts, or about ten million (10,000,000) feet of lumber to the lower market, as we did last year, only about eight hundred or eight hundred and fifty rafts, or probably five million (5,000,000) feet, will be sent in to market this year. The reduction will be severely felt by us in this county this year, and if the prices fall much below last year the depression will be awful. But there is no use of being discouraged. Let our timber stand, and our people go to work and raise wheat, corn, potatoes, beef and pork of their own, which is no harder work than timbering, and they need not send what little money they have out of the county for that which they can produce themselves.

SUICIDE IN PRISON.—Lewis Kerstetter committed suicide by hanging himself in the county jail of Snyder county on Saturday a week. He had been sentenced to six months' imprisonment at the December term of Court for the crime of adultery.

GRASSHOPPERS IN NEBRASKA.

A Dismal Forecast of the Future of Farmers in the West.

Salem, Richardson county, Neb., April 1.—We had supposed that winter was over and spring had come at last, but yesterday and last night seem wintry, and considerable snow fell. This must be rather rough on the thousands of young grasshoppers that have hatched in the last few days, for whenever the sun shines warm on the hillsides they hatch as only young grasshoppers can. Many of them were full grown in the egg last fall when the cold weather set in, and people hoped that the severity of the winter would make an end of them but it seems that they are doomed to disappointment.

The prospect of a crop is disheartening, and a good deal of uneasiness is felt; for if the "hoppers" go in, and destroy the crops as they did seven years ago, there will be a big emigration from Nebraska next fall. There has been some suffering in this county among the people, but the live stock have really been the greatest sufferers. But the most pressing trouble with the farmers is now to get seed for planting and sowing. Wheat is the most plentiful and a great deal has been sown, and the farmers are still sowing. The last two failures of corn have deterred a good many from planting it, but the greatest difficulty will be in procuring seed. Money is scarce and it is doubtful whether some farmers will be able to obtain seed at all for "old dog Tray is dead." Hard times, instead of making people more accommodating and more charitable toward their less favored neighbors, seem to make them more unfeeling. Nearly all say that it is as much as they can do to live themselves without helping others.

You will see from this that hard times are on us, sure enough. I have not heard of anybody who has been unable to obtain bread of some sort, but there are many who can get nothing else. A sad prospect is before us for next year if the crops are destroyed, as it threatened.

THE MINING TROUBLES.

Intimidation of Working-Men—Death Notices sent round.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., April 16.—Within a day or two there have been efforts at several of the collieries in this vicinity to prevent the mining of enough coal to keep the engines at work to pump the water out of the mines. The works of Charles Hutchinson, near Kingston, have been idle since the strike was first inaugurated in this valley, but coal sufficient to keep the machinery running was mined. During this week, however, the plan of intimidation practiced in the Hazleton region before the outbreak was begun among Mr Hutchinson's workmen. On Thursday morning the few miners who had been digging the coal to run the engine refused to enter the mines again, through fear of their lives if they did so. David Foster, the mine boss, found this notice tacked on the door of his house this morning:

> DAVID FOSTER'S DOOM.
> If you don't stop work, look out for the contents of this. [Drawing of a pistol.]
> DEATH.

The paper was ornamented with a rough drawing of a coffin. James McCullough, a laborer, found a similar notice nailed to a tree in his yard. Another notice reads:

> PETER LOCKHOOF.
> If you want to live, you had better stop work until all the men are at work.
> DEATH.

This paper also had a sketch of a coffin, a pistol and a box of cartridges.

If the men are thus intimidated any length of time, serious damage to the mines will be the result. These are the first instances of the kind in the Wyoming region during this strike, and if they spread to the other collieries, or are continued, the operators will have to ask for protection for men to mine coal for the engines.

DISASTROUS FLOODS.

Omaha, April 16.—The high water, which for several days past has delayed trains on the Union Pacific road, has finally become so high that travel is entirely suspended between Laramie City, Wyoming; and Ogden, Utah. The water is six feet deep in many places and still rising. It is impossible to predict when travel will be resumed. The canons are reported full of snow and it is well known that the depth of snow that fell last winter is the deepest for many years. The location of the present trouble is Bitter Creek Valley, three hundred miles west of Cheyenne. Passenger trains which left here on the thirteenth fourteenth and fifteenth are laying at Laramie City and Rawling. Those which left Ogden since the thirteenth are lying at points west of Green River. All are in good quarters and well cared for.

The Union Pacific officials advise travelers for Utah and California not to start till notice of the blockade being broken is given.

BATTLE IN FORMOSA.

Hong Kong, March 15. Shanghai, March 17.—Particulars have been received of the fight in Formosa between the Savages and Chinese troops. Two Chinese officers ventured in January last to enter the region of the Botan aborigines and were immediately killed. On February 13th, a body of two hundred troops were sent from the village of Hong Kong to the west coast of Africa to retaliate. They burned one village and put the inhabitants to death, including old men, women and children. On their return they were surrounded and routed, with a loss of ninety killed, among whom was the Chinese leader. The Savages' deaths is estimated at thirty. There is much excitement in China. There are rumors of large forces to be dispatched to the scene

PIUS IX COMPLAINS TO THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

Paris, April 12.—L'Union says the Pope has made representations through the Patriarch of Venice to the Emperor of Austria that the position of the Church is becoming more and more intolerable, and that if the unreasonable demands of Prussia are not resisted by the Catholic powers the latter will lose all their influence and become subject to the German Government, which is endeavoring to bring the whole German nationality under one sceptre.

The Emperor, replying to this through the Austrian ambassador at Rome, deplores the struggle between Church and State, and advises prudence.

THE LAST INDIAN BATTLE.

Chicago, April 12.—A dispatch received at General Sheridan's headquarters, in this city, from Fort Sill, confirms the news of the battle between the Indians and the troops at the Cheyenne agency. The troops lost sixteen killed and wounded. A force has been sent from Port Sill and Cheyenne agencies in pursuit of the redskins, who number 2,000.

NEXT ARISTOCRATIC WEDDING IN WASHINGTON.

Washington, March 31.—Colored society is deeply interested in an aristocratic wedding, to take place at an early day. The maid of Mrs. Jones, the wife of Senator Jones, is to be led to the altar by Gen Butler's cook. Great preparations are making for the happy event, and it is rumored that the mansion of Senator Jones will be thrown open, in order that the favored pair may hold a reception.

The coal miners of the Tyrone and Clearfield bituminous region have struck to sustain the strike in the anthracite region.

The heavy frost that prevailed on Friday night in Tennessee has materially injured the crops in that section of the country.

EXTRAORDINARY BALLOON ASCENT—TWO AERONAUTS SUFFOCATED.

Paris, April 16.—A party of three persons ascended in the balloon Zenith to-day to make scientific observations.

The balloon attained the extraordinary heighth of 8,000 metres (over 26,000 feet). Two of the aeronauts were suffocated to death, and when the balloon reached the ground the third was almost insensible, and has since been so ill that his recovery is doubtful.

A FEARFUL TRAGEDY.

Hartford, Conn., April 17.—Anton Linburg, a Swede, while drunk, fatally stabbed Andre Johnson, in his sick room, at Collinsville, Friday night. John Felton, a German, who entered the room on hearing the trouble, was stabbed four times by Linburg, and died instantly. Felton's wife also received a fearful stab in the hip. Linburg then plunged the knife into his own body, and also cut his throat. He lived but a few moments.

FOUR MEN KILLED.

Cincinnati April 12,—A special dispatch to the Enquirer from Canton says: Early this morning John Sohnhalter, Peter Sohnhalter, George Orr and Peter Adams, while engaged in sinking a coal shaft near Massillon, were killed by the earth caving in on them. Anthony Howell had both legs broken, and was rescued with great difficulty.

Business Houses Destroyed.

Cincinnati, April 12.—A special to the Gazette says a fire on Sunday morning at Effingham, Illinois, destroyed several of the finest business houses in the town, Silevan's hardware store and Burn's grocery and provision store being the two heaviest losses. The amount of damage is not stated.

A DISASTROUS FLOOD.

A New England Mill-Dam Gives Way.

Boston, April 18.—A great flood, with disastrous results, occurred last evening in the towns of Wrentham and Norfolk, by the breacking away of a dam, which restrains the water of Whitin's pond—the source of Mill river. This is a small river, not over twenty-five feet broad at low water, but running with a strong current, mostly through meadow land, and emptying into Charles river at Medway. At this time an immense body of water was confined in the pond by the dam about one hundred feet in length at the Wrentham and Franklin county road. The sudden bursting of the pond through this dam hurled a tremendous flood upon the lands below, sweeping away mills, bridges, country roads and dams in its course, and causing damage to the extent of between $100,000 and $200,000.

ARKANSAS.

Terrible Tornado.

Little Rock, April 9.—The storm last evening prostrated the telegraph wires in all directions. A number of houses were blown down and five persons killed and several wounded. About the same hour a storm struck Texarkana unroofing the public school building and fatally injuring a child and slightly injuring several others. Rain fell in torrents flooding streets throughout the city.

THE PAPAL QUESTION.

It is stated on high authority that the object of the interview of the emperor of Austria and Victor Emanuel, at Venice, is to get Italy to join Austria, Russia and Germany in preventing the election of an infallibist pope in the event of the death of Pius IX.

RESOURCES OF THE NATIONAL BANKS.

Washington, April 7.—It appears from the reports made to the Comptroller of the Currency, up to the close of business on March 1, that the entire resources of all the national banks were $1,869,699,286. They have among their assets $16,968,023 of specie and $78,497,520 of legal-tender notes.

For the Reporter.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 4. 14. 17. 6. 20. is an old woman.
My 15. 13. 12. 3. 6. is a lady's name.
My 10. 5 11. 16. is an accumulation.
My 1. 9. 6. 7. 20. 8. is a hook for cloth.
My 19. 15. 21. 18. 11. 4 20. is a flat roof.
My 2. 9. 14. is a pronoun.
My whole is indispensible to a man's happiness. Answer solicited.

X. Y. Z.

GRAND JURORS—APRIL TERM.

Penn—A Wirt, C W Held.
Spring—M Riddle, Wm Straub, Wm Knup.
Gregg—Thos Docker, Henry Mark.
Miles—J A Miller, Geo Royer.
Benner—P Dale, Jared Roan.
Huston—John Craig.
Harris—C. Dale, Jac Fearer.
Philipsburg—C Munson.
Bellefonte—J A S Mallory, J C Williams.
Howard boro—R Cook, Geo Wistar.
Boggs—B Snyder.
Liberty—D Schenck.
Walker—John Lord.
Milesburg—J F Weaver.
Showshoe—H Stoneroad.

TRAVERSE JURORS—1st Week.

Penn—E Krumrine, G W Foote.
Howard—S B Koons, A Hofer, M Packer.
Liberty—I Gunsalis, H Thompson.
Haines—Jacob Bower, jr Adam Weaver, T Harper.
Miles—Daniel Brumgard, O Wolf, A Ucker.
Rush—A Frank, J Shoop.
Philipsburg—O P Jones, L A Shearer.
Worth—W W M'Kinney.
Bellefonte—J Meese.
Harris—Jacob Shuey, S Garner.
Huston—J Stine, M Alexander.
Benner—A W Wagner, A Koch, R Corl.
Boggs—H B Malone, F S Fletcher, J H Linn.
Milesburg—Wm Adams, Jacob Ryman.
Walker—John Decker.
Potter—J A Grove, Chas Smith, Wm Farner.
Howard boro—A Knoll.
Spring—M P Weaver, Wm Stuart, H Miller, S Lingle.
Rush—D W Holt.
Union—G L Peters.

2nd Week.

Potter—L Murray, Jas Sweetwood.
Benner—D Grove, John Siebert, A J Tate.
Curtin—Jacob Noll.
Penn—Jacob Dutweiler, John Keep.
Union—J C Peters.
Bellefonte—J D Gordon, H F Bartly.
Howard—J B Leathers, E Pletcher.
Miles—J Walker, Wm Walker, J Ocker, Jon Walker, Wm Kreamer.
Gregg—Jno Long.
Philipsburg—R Hudson, J W Mattern.
Spring—John Sweeny, J G Larrimore, J Flora.
Liberty—J A Quigley.
Unionville—A Alexander.
Taylor—Jacob Fontz.
Patton—Sam'l E Gray, S Homan.
Halfmoon—S T Gray.
Huston—J W Miles.
Haines—J S Homan, L Mench, C G Bright, Dan Smith.
Snowshoe—Wm M'Kinney.

TRIAL LIST—1st Week—April Term.

Wm Harkins Admr's vs C Wasson, et al.
J M Yocum et al vs Wm Lyon et al.
Commonwealth vs H Brockerhoff.
A Reeder vs Wilson & Carr.
B & F D Ligget vs L A Mackey.
Hahn & Wagner vs Wm Poorman.
Harper Bros vs J V Thomas & Co.
Milliken, Hoover & Co vs J Underwood.
J Brutzman vs J W Scott & Co.
Com of Penn vs Alfred Kramer, et al.
" " vs Jonath Kramer.
" " vs Rebecca Musser.
" " vs Wm L Musser.
Hoffer, Bower & Co vs Annie Peters & Co.
John Hoffer vs Budget M'Gill.
O M'Cann vs Penna RR.

TRIAL LIST—2nd Week.

City of Philadelphia vs Smith Rhoads & Smith.
1st Nat Bank Huntingdon vs Jas Green, et al.
J & G Frazier vs Hale & Co.
Cartland & Baugher vs D Z Kline et al.
Com of Penna vs D B Reese, et al.
Todd & Duncan vs B & F D Ligget.
Wm M'Floyd et al vs J S Reed & Co.
John Hoy vs Wm Holt.
Jer M'Alarny vs J J Thompson
Jno Irvin jr vs B Ligget et al.

THE CATHEDRALS OF EUROPE.

A Sermon by Rev. W. R. Alger at the Church of the Messiah.

Rev. Wm. R. Alger preached a sermon at the Church of the Messiah, New York, which he called "An American in the Cathedrals of Europe," drawing the lesson of the great religious piles of the middle ages in contradistinction to the hurrying bustle of to-day. Taking as his text the words, "This is the house of God," Mr. Alger said:

To a soul appreciative of the most solemn and enduring interests of human nature, susceptible to the grandeur and opulence of the world and of our fate in it, there are no other buildings on earth so affecting as those religious structures in which humanity has embodied its aspirations and worship, its spiritual glory and grief. And at the head among these stand the old cathedrals of Europe, overpowering shrines of the awe and love of other days, the faith, sacrifice, pain, and peace of departed generations. Soaring into the sky, rich and wondrous as the inspiration that built them, they seem to the gaze almost as lovely, reverend, and lasting as the realities they typify. When the American, escaping from the storm of cares and rivalries that make the atmosphere of life in this land so corrosive, leaving behind him the newness and irreverent eagerness that prevail here, strays to the shores where solemn antiquity broods, and enters these old fabrics, tender and mysterious as the emotions out of which they sprang; as he contemplates the stains and traces so many ages of his race have left there; as his awe-struck eyes follow the long aisles and springing arches, the tremendous vault, the cloud-rifting and ungilt spires; as he gazes around on the gray monuments of the dead, whose occupants lie figured on them in marble or bronze, while over their slumber a shower of pictures and sculptures image the achievements and shadow forth the secrets of the Christian faith, he becomes the subject of indescribable emotions, holy and sweet even to awfulness. The hallowed peace pervading the place falls on his exasperated and jaded spirit like some divine dew out of the cavering heavens charged to heal his hurts and wash away his guilt, and when in addition to these concreated environments the strains of music loaded with all that is most touching and most sublime in human experience float over altar and tomb, wailing through the crypts and dying off in the dome, not only conjuring up the most powerful associations of human grandeur and grief, but also bringing down the world of supersensual realities, his brain throbs with a wondering excitement, his hearts aches with a blissful pain.

The very essense of all organized religion gathers around the altar—a word which inevitably suggests the idea of sacrifice, something lower offered up to something higher—the annihilation of man before God. Now, no sooner do we cross the threshold of one of the old Gothic cathedrals than all conceit, ambition, sensuality, ostentation, doubt, fear, worry and discontent are struck dumb, and, as it were extinguished, while the qualities of humility, trust, dependence, meekness, reverence, disinterested sympathy, expressive of self-surrender, are powerfully appealed to and called out, so wonderfully do the ideas and sentiments consolidated in the very stones of the sacred buildings breed in the spectator emotions of penitence and adoration. Especially powerful is this appeal upon an American who is so unused to anything of the kind, who comes from a country where everything—except the hills, streams, fields, forests and stars—is new, where a prosaic and garish procession of duties and struggles is ever drifting in the way where the prizes, impartially flung open to all, engender conflict, a morbid ambition and self-assertion, a haggard worldliness. To such an one how surprisingly benign and redemptive are the subduing emotions of tenderness, wonder and awe poured over the spirit as he opens the mediæval door, and for the first time finds himself enveloped in the enigmatical dimness of human life and death. A flood of plaintive wonder and delicious sorrow falls on the soul, like the contents of a baptismal vase dashed on its burning fever, and the weeping worshipper, hardly knowing whether he is on earth or in heaven, yields to the spirit of the place in a blended feeling of self-surrender and divine desire.

The first religious impression made on the visitor to the churches is the profound sense of his own nothingness. Their prodigious magnitude, capable of holding the population of a city, the suggestion of endless in the aspiring lines and vaulted arches, the symbols of infinity in the silence, humble man to the dust, make him feel himself and his fellows to be as insignificant as so many insects creeping across the eternal floors and vanishing while the hoary edifice still reverberates as before the thunders of chant and dirge. The same influences that thus convince man of his personal littleness and helplessness also create in him an irresistible persuasion of the nothingness of his life, the nothingness of the pomp, pride and cares with which he vexes himself. In contrast with these weather-beaten walls, by which the successive waves of humanity for a thousand years have rippled and sunk into the grave, he cannot help feeling that his existence is but a bubble that breaks in a moment on a river that flows forever.

But forcibly as this negative side of the religious influence of the cathedrals is brought to bear in the suppressal of egotistic feeling, it is equalled by the power of the positive side—the enhancement and emphasis it gives to the directly religious feeling. Here we experience the blessedness of escaping beyond the narrow boundaries of ourselves and our probable interests, and fusing our souls with the loftiest and most abiding experience of hosts of other souls. Here, if we have natures rich and sensitive enough to be capable of such a height, we experience the sublime ecstasy of self-annihilation in God, the sense of our nothingness in the sense of His infinitude. Despite our evanescence as pilgrims flitting across this slender isthmus of middle state, we reach out each way over the long generations of the past and future and appropriate the divinest elements of their experience, make their grandest inspirations and triumphs our own, dilate and burn with the raptures of their faith, are healed with the consolation they knew and filled with premonitions of the heavenly peace into which they have passed.

The ecclesiastical idea chained the whole epoch from the eleventh to the fifteenth century, rolling wave after wave of its contagious fervor through the Christian nations, and leaving these peerless edifices scattered over half Europe as its trophies. The doctrines and hopes of Christianity were taken into the social imagination of Christendom with such realizing vividness that it took fire under them with creative impulse, and the people began to build. Moved by a common desire to perpetuate their faith in sensible forms, entire populations toiled at the sacred task age after age, lavishing all that they held most precious on the work. The results which they produced were less the products of individual designers than exhalations of the imagination, concretions of the feeling of society, symbolical embodiments of a common faith, and a public inspiration. The great artists in whom this impulse of the age rendered its height, who contrived and oversaw the marvellous erections, are in most instances utterly unknown. This lofty self abnegation, this hiding away of pride and vanity in sacred oblivion, this fusion of private feeling in public feeling, of man in God, is profoundly religious and is most appropriate in a work symbolical of religion, and surely those meek and patient builders have their reward.

Let me now endeavor to enforce the foregoing thoughts by special illustration. The influence of the mere architecture itself of the finest mediæval churches, and of the meaning it mutely struggles to articulate, repeatedly produced an almost entrancingly religious effect. Pausing before the grand perspectives of Salisbury, Rouen, Strasburg, one feels in each instance, while he gazes, as if the aspirations of millions of believing souls had suddenly materialized themselves on their way to heaven and stopped—a cathedral. "The music-like sweetness of some of these structures suggest that they are translations into visible forms of the delicate carolling of some band of celestials. The chords of exquisite lines of small arches that sweep along in successive ranges flow out with effects like audible harmonies. They are successive waves of beauty, which rolled along after one another, till, in the distance, they dissolved into light. When an American, a representative of this young and rash Democracy, confronts the venerable antiquity, the accumulated beliefs and affections and sorrows, the victorious perseverance, the awful authority typified in the old churches of Europe, he experiences a solemn impression in the feeling that although he and his are but momentary vapors, these are things which endure forever. Though he arose but yesterday, and dies to-morrow, there were shadowy ages full of men before, and will be mysterious ages full of man after. I well remember with what vivid energy this truth was taught me as I listened to a chant of the monks in the Church of San Lorenzo at Florence. I leaned against a marble pillar alone, and gave myself up to the sentiment of the place and the music. Melodies, crashes of echo, slowly faded in the distant arches, and were lost in the swallowing dome. Yonder choir are net fleeting men, here to-day, gone to-morrow, who sing transient strains of sadness and exultation. They are an everlasting priesthood, singing the glory and grief of the world. It is humanity herself giving voice to her plans and pliants, and she will still be giving them the same voice when I shall have been in the dust a thousand years.

At Bologna I turned aside one day from the stifling dust and glare of the noon and sat down on the marble steps of a side chapel, in a solemn old church, whose mighty spaces were filled with coolness and shadows brooded over by the spirit of quiet and sanctity. The multitudinous clamor and bustle of the city stole in and rolled fadingly along the dim arches and vaults overhead like an ocean of sighs. Under my feet the worn inscriptions vainly sought to tell the names of those who for many a century had been sleeping there so well. Gradually the heat withdrew from vein and brow, the spirit of feverish care and haste trobbed no longer in heart or brain. I sat entranced; the far still figures of prophets and angels on the dome, depicted so truly that they seemed to live, shed the benediction of their repose on my soul. At that moment from the distant choir broke the low soft hymn of the nuns, gathering pathos and force as it rose and fell, unutterably mingled of the plaintiveness of the mortal and the glory of the immortal. My head sank back against the pillar and the world vanished. Borne aloft on the strains, my soul rose into a region never lighted by sun or stars, but filled with unimaginable revealings. The music ceased, and slowly recovering I wandered out into the street unable to tell whether I had been lingering there an hour or a hundred years, so profound and wonderful had been the experience.

The fittest close for these sketches will be a reminiscence of St. Peter's, the proudest fabric ever reared to the Immortal by the genius, faith, skill and sacrifice of mortals—"the everlasting shrine of the religion of humanity." The first object that fills the vision of the traveller towards Rome, approach from whatever direction will, is this harmonious and gigantic structure, still expanding as he nears it, until the astonished imagination can hardly embrace its vastness. As his eyes labor upward from its mountainous base to its sun-silvered pinnacles or follow the endless sweep of its colonnades, the little differences of sects and countries melt into nothing; his kindled sympathies snatch this universal temple from all partial appropriation, and claim it as man's monumental tribute to God. Its glory was conceived within that element which was the supramortal in man, and it will ever reproduce kindred emotions in him who approaches it. It sets on flame religious sensibility where it exists, and wakens or creates it where it slum

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

THURSDAY APRIL 22, 1875.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Our friends will oblige by sending us items of local news in their locality, give us the facts only, and we will put them in shape, also notices of deaths and marriages.

Any one sending us the names of six new subscribers, with the cash, will be entitled to receive the REPORTER one year free.

The REPORTER being read by nearly every body on this side of the county, where it has a larger circulation than any two papers, will be found the best medium for advertising business, sales, &c. &c.

☞Subscribers to the Reporter, residing outside of Centre county, should remit us 10 cents, yearly, for postage which we will pay here; this reduces the postage to one half, as the sum paid by them for one year's postage was 20 cts.

—R. H. Rankin has just opened a handsome drug-store, next door to Deschner's gun shop. See his card.

—Robert Mann, of the Mill Hall Axe works, has leased the factory at Bellefonte, which will hereafter be managed by Fearon Mann, of Lewistown.

—The radical senatorial conference of this district meets at Bellefonte, May 6, to select a senatorial delegate to state convention.

—In a spelling bee down the valley, one fellow went down on *kat*. He asked a trial on an easier word and dropped out on *citten*.

—Twenty-six thousand, five hundred and forty tons of coal passed over the Tyrone and Clearfield railroad during the week ending Saturday, April 10th. The largest week's work since the erection of the road.

—Fishing time is here and you need all kinds of tackle to hook the swimmers. Now just go to Deschner's, the gun-smith, at Bellefonte, and you will find all you want, and just ready to throw into the stream and make the beauties bite. He keeps a fine assortment of every description of fishing tackle.

—W. B. Wagner, a sewing machine agent and local preacher, of Milroy, was lodged in jail the other day, on a charge of forging his father in-law's (Mr. Shirk's of Centre county,) name to a $2,000 bond given to the Howe Sewing Machine Company.—*Lewistown Gazette 15th.*

—The Lock Haven Republican of last week has a bull story which is a tough one, and beats the Slamaker bull story. It says: On Friday evening the mail train east ran into Noyes' bull, threw him on the cow-catcher and carried him through the bridge and below the depot, a distance of about one-fourth of a mile, without injuring the bull.

—GREAT BARGAINS, every day at the store of S. S. Wolf, dec'd. Mr. Hoffer is bound to dispose of this fine stock of goods, and offers them at Cost and some at less than cost. Now is the time to buy —don't miss this opportunity. The goods must be sold, and are offered for nearly one half what you must pay at other places. Come from far and near—all kinds of dress goods, notions, jewelry, hardware, queensware, boots, shoes, hats, &c., &c. Don't miss the offer for bargains. Call and see for yourself.

—Mr. William Harter, of Aaronsburg, killed a monstrous ground hog on his farm a few days ago. He came along on horseback and spied it sitting in the road. He made a pass at it on horseback, but "Bob" not being up to ground-hog fighting paused a moment to smell at his antagonist before making the deadly plunge, when the animal made a spring at the nose of the steed, which was so unexpected that he made such a sudden retreat as almost to unsaddle his rider. Mr. Harter dismounted and killed it. The critter had undoubtedly crept out of its hole to make one more attempt to view its shadow, and in not succeeding went home in a fighting mood.

—Our facetious neighbor, the Watchman, of last week, has a severe spell of spelling bee, and reads the roll of a number of prominent individuals of the place, with a word for each to spell. This roll is not complete, the real jawbreaker has been unintentionally omitted, for one chap in that town has been trying to spell "Senator" for the last eight years, but "he didn't made it" yet, and is still trying it. Add him to your list, Gray.

—Wm. Wolf, of the old, wellknown and cheap stand, at Centre Hall, is now in the city, purchasing a stock of spring goods which will arrive and be unpacked next week. No merchant knows better the wants of the community, and none is better fitted to select the latest and best styles, than Mr. Wolf. If you want to see the latest fashions call in at the old stand next week.

—The Brockerhoff house under its new manager, Edward Perks, will retain its reputation as one of the best and most convenient hotels in Bellefonte. Mr. Perks has gone to a great expense in refurnishing the hotel and to make it more attractive than ever. He will make a capital landlord—whole-souled, genial and accomodating in the highest degree. He keeps a splendid table—in fact Mr. P. will leave nothing undone to make his guests feel perfectly at home. Give the Brockerhoff a trial, and you will find it first-class.

—Messrs Graham & Son, Brockerhoff block, is the old headquarters for boots and shoes. They keep the latest styles and the best of everything in their line, whether for men, women or children. It is invariably the case that when you can suit yourself at no other place, if you drop in to Graham & Son, they just have what you want, and at reasonable prices. They are perfect gentlemen, whom you will always like to deal with. The Pennsvalley trade is especially invited. A large and fine stock of boots, shoes, &c., will be received in a few days.

—Towards the close of last and beginning of this week we had a number of snow squalls, and the weather has been cold enough for January, freezing the ground several inches. The deep snow which fell beginning of last week had nearly all disappeared in two days thereafter, when cold winds and fresh snow storms followed. Farmers are delayed with their spring work in consequence, and especially for sowing oats.

— Peters' Household Melodies, No. 5, contains the following choice pieces: Waiting, Love, for Thee; Swinging on the Garden Gate; O! Miss Susie; Come and Meet me, Nettie Dear; How are all at Home; Thinking of Thee; Abide with me. Single numbers 50c. $4, per year.

BULLY FOR POWERS.—That Mr. John Powers is one of the finest boot and shoemakers in the country, everybody believes and although he has some of the best and highest priced boots and shoes in the market, he has also the cheapest. He has just received one hundred pairs of ladies gaiters, which he will sell at from $1,15 to $1 20; eighty pairs of men's brogans at from $1,35 to $1,40; one hundred pairs of boys shoes at $1,00 per pair. Of course, these prices are too cheap to be maintained for anything else but cash. How will that do, Grangers? Where quantities are bought at once, a deduction even from the above low prices will be made. Call at Power's.—*Watchman.*

SAVE MONEY AND HEALTH.—The reputation of the Wilson Shuttle Sewing Machine is so thoroughly established that no word in its commendation is necessary. The plan adopted by the manufacturers of this famous machine of placing their prices so low as to come within the reach of the poorer classes, certainly entitles them to the gratitude of those who are really most in need of such an article. Machines will be delivered at any Railroad Station in this county, free of transportation charges, if ordered through the Company's Branch House at 227 and 229 Broadway New York.

They send an elegant catalogue and chromo circular, free on application.

This Company want a few good agents.

—Johnson & Son, late of the Brockerhoff house, have leased the Butts' house.

—Cornplanting will soon be here. No farmer should be without the Centre Hall Cornplanter, manufactured by Van Pelt & Shoop—it is acknowledged to be the best manufactured.

—Having been absent and much engaged in business outside the office during the last few weeks, errors may have crept into our columns from oversight and want of time. Any errors in communications from Rev. Landis and others, will thus be credited to the above causes.

—There will be a spelling match in the Ev. Church, at Centre Hall, on Tuesday evening, 27, to which all are invited. The occasion will prove highly interesting and the proceeds will be applied to a good cause. Come all and spell—if you do not wish to spell, come anyway.

—If you want a good quality of Cement, get Meyer's Excelsior Cement, the best in the market, and warranted to set quick and harden. George Koch has the agency at Centre Hall, and always keeps it on hand. Mr. Koch will also attend to cementing cisterns, cellars, &c. We can recommend him in that line he having finished a job for us, which speaks for his skill and proves the quality of the Excelsior Cement for which he has the agency.

—H. A. Larrimer has opened his store at Centre Hill which is now stocked with a fine assortment of goods bought in the Eastern market. His goods are all new and as he bought for cash at panic prices he can sell very cheap. All are respectfully invited to give him a call.

—REBERSBURG.—Services were held every evening from Wednesday of last week, in the Union Church at this place, by the pastor of the Reformed congregation, and on Saturday afternoon six young persons were received as members of the church by the solemn rite of confirmation, and one by certificate. On Sunday morning the Holy Communion was celebrated. The Saturday and Sunday services were largely attended, more so, than at any other time during the present pastorate, Rev. H. King of Bellefonte, and Rev. D. Darbaker of Nittany Valley were present, and assisted in the services.

—The Beecher trial took a queer turn, one day last week. Beecher was on the stand, and Fullerton's cross-examination brought the sweat out of him, he denied everything and did not know what Mrs. Morse's letter refered too,—and at last the lawyer asked him what he did know then. Why, said Beecher, I do know, and so do hundreds who have families to provide for, that the best, freshest and cheapest groceries are sold by Sechler & Co., in the Bush-house block, at Bellefonte, and that both his and Tilton's family had been getting their things there, until the little fuss about Elisabeth broke out, and he had to attend court all the time. The judge and jury at once wanted the address of Sechler & Co., and the court had to adjourn in consequence. Such a thing never happened before.

—Chr. Hoffer returned from Virginia, last week, after a 14 months' trial. He has not yet fully resolved upon returning again. He reports the balance of the Pennsvalley folks, living down there as well and getting along. Mr. Geo. B. Jameson, is also up from Virginia, on a visit to his friends. He seems to be pleased with his new home.

—Bellefonte had a spelling Bee on last Tuesday evening, which was a success.—a crowded house, and many spellers, old and young participating.—The first prize, Webster's Unabridged, was drawn by a young lady. The first one to drop, rounded in the wing, was Win Wagner, and he drew an Osgood's Progressive Speller—fortified with this Win will win higher honors next time. Lawyer Keller drew the third prize, a golden tooth-pick. Admittance was 50 cts.

—Dr. Hamill, pastor of the Sinking Creek and Spring Creek Presbyterian congregations, having received a call from the latter for his entire services, a dissolution of the above charge has resulted in consequence. The Doctor has labored twenty-nine years in this charge, and has ever been held in high esteem by his people, and it is with the deepest regret that the Sinking Creek congregation severs its relations of over a quarter of a century with their beloved pastor. Presbytery will no doubt organize a new charge, to consist of Sinking Creek and Spring Mills churches. The following action was had by the Sinking Creek congregation, expressive of their feeling towards Dr. Hamill.

At a congregational meeting of the Sinking Creek Church, called for the purpose of acting on the request of our Pastor, Rev. Dr. Hamill, to unite with him in asking for a dissolution of the pastoral relation existing between him and this congregation, the following action was taken:

WHEREAS, Spring Creek Church now associated with this Church has called our pastor for his whole time, *and whereas*, he has requested us to unite with him in asking Presbytery to dissolve the relation existing with the Church in order that he may accept said call; therefore

1st. Resolved, That but for the request of our beloved Pastor we would enter our united protest against any severance of the relations that have so long and so pleasantly existed between us.

2nd. That while we thus feel, in order to conform to his request we with reluctance agree to interpose no obstacle in the way of Presbytery's compliance with his request.

3rd. That in thus acting we cannot refrain from expressing our deep regret at the prospect of no longer sharing the labors of our beloved Pastor and we desire to record our grateful appreciation of God's goodness in permitting us to enjoy for so long a time his faithful, impartial and successful labors among us.

4th. That our prayers and best wishes shall attend him, accompanied with the assurance that while the pastoral tie may be sundered, the ties of affection that bind us shall never be severed.

THE COMMITTEE.

SPELLING BEE!

A Spelling Match will be had, at Centre Hall, in the Ev. Church, on TUESDAY EVENING, 27th inst., for the BENEFIT OF THE UNION SABBATH SCHOOL. All, old and young, male and female, from far and near, are invited to attend. The entertainment will be an interesting one, and for the furtherance of a good cause. Spelling to commence at 8 p. m. sharp. Admittance, 20cts; all under 15 years of age 10cts. THE COMMITTEE.

For the Reporter.

THE WIFE'S COMPLAINT.

When I was yet single,
Oh! happy days of yore,
Where in thought I mingle,
And long to live them o'er.

Well do I remember,
When I was gay and free;
No bad thought or temper
Disturbed my jubilee.

At last a dashing lad
Courted my heart away,
He vowed pleasure to add
With which I went astray.

Before we were married
I was Leaven's ideal,
My trappings he carried
'Till I had caught the zeal.

He promised any thing,
No matter, great or small;
His air was like a King,
Wherever he did call.

But that unhappy hour
When singlemen I quit;
Since it is nought but scour,
And little hose to knit.

All day I have to cook,
As well as roast my cheek;
After things I must look,
But dare no even speak,

Twice a week I have to bake
And scrub the dirty floor;
All the beds I have to make
And fetch things from the store.

The garden I must hoe
Which is quite burdensome;
All the year I have to sew,
While he enjoys his rum.

The wood I have to hunt
And all his wait supply,
Now and then we hear a grunt
"I'll reform, by and by."

Many a time I think
Of single days gone by,
As slavish life I drink
In wrinkles at last to die.

To be free and keep a Beau,
Was once my enjoyment;
But to cook, scrub, and sew
Is now my eppployment.

HEW MOR.

—A man in this town offers two thousand dollars to find out who struck Billy Patterson.

—Potter's Mills has a sensation—something new has turned up there—great excitement exists among the people—Mr. M'Intire has just returned from the city with a large stock of splendid goods for his new store. His stock is full and complete. He has opened up in the Brisbin stand, where he invites farmers, mechanics, and all to come and see him and examine his stock and prices. He flatters himself that he will render satisfaction, and respectfully solicits a share of the public patronage.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF N. Y.—We had the pleasure of a call this week from J. A. M. Passmore, Gen'l agent and att'y, and John K. Wilson, special agent of the above Company, both of Pottsville, Pa. They visited Centre Hall to pay $3,000 to Mrs. Carrie E. Wolf, widow of the late Hon. S. S. Wolf, so long favorably known in this county, whose wise forethought was shown in thus providing a *certainty* for his dependent family. Mr. Wolf has only made one payment of $79.14 on this policy. His heirs now draw $3,000. This popular company has about $300,000 insurance in this county—many of our leading citizens are insured in it. The fact is the Reserve Endowment feature of this Co. secures all that is beneficial in Life Insurance and provides for old age. W. B. Mingle, Esq., Cashier at Centre Hall, would be very happy to give any and all the desired information on this popular plan.

Harper's Magazine for May contains a profusely illustrated and well written account of the Concord fight by Frederic Hudson, which will be welcome reading to thousands at this time. Among its other contents will be found articles on "American Humor," by the Hon. S. S. Cox: "The Stone Age in Europe," by Prof. Chas. Rau, and "The First Century of the Republic—Agricultural Progress," by Prof. W. H. Brewer, besides poems by John Hay and others. It is a model number.

THE DERBY SOLD.—The valuable property, says the Clearfield Republican, which has been frequently advertised in these columns the past year, known as the "Derby Coal Company," was finally sold at the March term of Court, by Sheriff McPherson, for the sum of $85,000. This is the largest Sheriff's sale ever made in this county. The property was purchased by Mr. J. N. Cassanova, who we understand proposes to operate the collieries to their full extent, besides making a number of new openings in different localities.

From the Gazette and Bulletin we learn that W. C. McDonald, of Beech Creek, was arrested a few days ago by Detective Gould, of Emporium, and taken to Pittsburg, charged with embezzling the public moneys of the United States, and with opening and embezzling the contents of letters and packets, carried by the mails, in the State of Kansas. He was released on $6,000 bail, W. C. Kress, Esq., of Lock Haven, becoming his surety.

SUGGESTIONS TO SUPERVISORS.

Now is the time for supervisors of county roads to look about them as to the points requiring repairing or reconstructing. The mudholes are now staring every one in the face. Don't neglect to widen a road, grading it and stoning it where necessary. Do it without fear or favor, for you will be only doing your duty, and if you should spend double the amount of the assessed road tax it should make no difference. The public should be provided with good roads whether they are willing to pay for them or not; as there are other people besides the residents of a township who use the roads. But if the resident population should decided'y object to good roads, let them turn you out of office next February. It is better to do your duty without an office than to fail to do it with one. In all Ireland there is not a toll gate, and the roads are as fine as any in Great Britain. The gates on all the roads leading out of London have removed within a year, and a steady action is going on to get rid of these nuisances throughout England. Let our state of Pennsylvania digest these facts.

ACRES OF SKELETONS UNEARTHED IN TENNESSEE.—The high water at the recent flood washed about four feet of earth from ten to fifteen acres of land lying along the Tennessee river, near Louisville, Blount county, Tenn. When the water subsided a strange spectacle was presented. The whole of the denuded acre was covered with skeletons. Some were straight, some reclining, some doubled up and some in sitting posture. There were the osseous forms of infants, of children and of full grown persons. Over one thousand forms have been counted. Persons who have lived in the vicinity of this mysterious cemetery for more than half a century never heard of any human bones being discovered there before, and the skeletons are not found in a mound, nor in what appears to be unartificial formation of earth

Chicago, April 17.—Dispatches from points in Michigan, Northern Illinois and Iowa state that owing to the severe weather that has prevailed for the last forty-eight hours, small fruits, apples and pears are killed in many localities, and in some cases the trees themselves.

PLAIN TALK FOR GIRLS.

An old-fashioned woman writing in the Watchman and Reflector, speaks thus of some of our young seminary girls: "I have found in the class-room that the girls with the most on the outside of their heads have the least inside. Last Summer I heard a fashionable young lady read her graduating essay, earnestly demanding a 'wider sphere for women,' while her chest was so narrowed by artificial means that she could hardly read her essay. She evidently thought this whole world a 'pent up Utica' that was confining her powers; but all the poor girl needed was sufficient strength and independence of character to free herself from the thraldom of fashion, and go to work in an earnest way to bring nearer to Christ the world she had found so badly out of order. Some of you, my dear girls, may be filled with 'infinite longings' for 'career.' Let me tell you that what our sex needs at present is women who, unembarrassed by fashionable drapery, can walk a few miles without being tired —women whose thinking powers are not injured, who find a 'career' in earnestly doing their Master's work however homely."

TENANTS' RIGHTS—CONSTABLES' DUTIES.

The rights of tenants and duties of constables are clearly explained in a recent case in which the prosecutor alleged that the defendant had ejected him from his house. It came out in evidence that the constable did not read the "writ of possession" when he went to the prosecutor's house. In charging the jury the judge said that constables are a necessity in the community, but while the law gives them great authority, the law should also hold them in the strictest execution of their duties. A man's house is a castle, and it is asking little to require him to show by what authority he enters the house of any citizen; and it is his duty to read the writ or warrant by whose authority he is there. Should a constable enter the house of any citizen without legal authority he becomes a trespasser, and the occupant of that house has the right to use force to repel such illegal entrance, to summon assistance and swear out a warrant against the trespasser Should, however, an officer of the law go into the residence of a citizen armed with the authority of the law, explain properly his purpose, he is protected by the law, and any assault or attack upon him is illegal, and renders its perpetrator liable to prosecution. It is a very serious thing for a man to enter the house of another and, with or without process of law, put him into the street. When the law confers such a duty upon the officer he should be held to a rigid accountability for the way in which he uses the duty. He should exercise it with care and with no unreasonable amount of annoyance, for it is in cases of this nature that many fights and disturbances occur. He should take care not to exceed the power delegated to him by law, and endeaver, as closely as possible, to confine himself within the limits of his authority.

TERRIBLE COMBAT WITH RATS.

The Carlisle (Pa.) Herald relates the following: "Mr. Jesse Laverty, of East Pennsylvania, was lately much annoyed by rats, which carried off his eggs, and made sad work with his corn in his crib and then invaded his granary and commenced destroying a bin of wheat. On examination he found there was but one place where they got in. He thereupon resolved to kill the rats by an artifice well worthy of the cause. He strewed corn meal liberally on the floor of the granary, and about one hour later he nailed up the hole. Then calling his dog (a Spanish terrier) and arming himself with a club, he went forth to battle.

"Now, the door to the granary is fastened with a long wooden latch extending clear across it, and can only be opened from the outside, and Mr. L., on entering the granary, drew the door shut and heard the latch fall. He then thought that the enemy was his, but this was an error. The rats were more numerous than he expected, and finding no way of escape, they attacked both him and his dog with great fury. Mr. L. laid on his blows hard and fast, and one blow, aimed at a rat, unfortunately hit the dog on the head and killed him.

"Being deprived of his faithful ally he would have fled, but could not; and he then commenced calling for help. The rats mean while kept skirmishing around his legs, ran up his body, bit his hands, and one bolder than the rest bit his nose. It is impossible to say what the result of this unequal contest would have been had not a passing neighbor, attracted by the noise and cries, gone to the relief. When resoued he presented a shocking spectacle; his face and hands bloody, and his clothes torn into shreds.

"When his wounds were cared for he hit on a better plan of warfare. Borrowing twelve cats, which, with his own, made fifteen, he in the evening shut them up in the granary with the rats, and the next morning he found, on examination, ten dead cats, one blind, one and two with one eye apiece. The remaining two were unhurt, and by actual count found one hundred and nineteen dead rats. Of the dead dog there was nothing left but the bones and hair, the rats doubtless having eaten him while Mr. Laverty was hunting cats."

IMPORTANT TO ROAD SUPERVISORS.—A case was decided in our Supreme Court in January which is somewhat important to Road Commissioners, Supervisors, and other township officials on whom devolves the duty of keeping public bridges in repair. It came up on an appeal from the Common Pleas of Chester county. The Supervisors of Newton township neglected to keep in proper repair the side guards of a bridge over Brandywine creek. Through this neglect the parties at the case were precipitated into the stream and injured. The defense endeavored to show that the bridge was not built by the township, but was a railroad company's duty to see that it was kept in proper repair. The Court, however, decided that while it was true that the structure was constructed by the railroad company, it was built in order to supply the old road which has been occupied by its improvements. Thus it became a public highway, and was so regarded not only by the public, which constantly used it as such, but also by the township officers, who took charge of and put such repairs upon it as they thought necessary. In conclusion the Court said: The public authorities are charged with the maintenance of the highways and they have abundant power for that purpose. That they should keep them in a safe condition is of the highest importance to the citizen, absolutely necessary for his safety and welfare, as to that end he pays his taxes. For this reason the judgment in the court below against the township for damages was affirmed. Judge Gordon delivered the opinion.

In the village of Ahali, in Asia Minor, there were about 1,100 inhabitants two or three years ago. Since the famine there have been 400 deaths and 150 persons have emigrated. The total population is thus reduced to little more than 500. In some cases dead bodies were left unburied for many days, the survivors being too demoralized by privation to perform the last offices for their fellow villagers. Many of these bodies were eaten by starving dogs and cats. This was also the case in another village named Karadiali.

OBITUARY.

On the 11th of April, at the residence of Jacob Keen, in Penn township, of pneumonia, Augustus Emanuel Deininger, aged 77 years 10 months and 17 days. Father Deininger was sick only one week, during which time he had very little pain to bear, and what he had he bore patiently, and through the grace of God, who was his only comforter and triumphant deliverer. He was one of the few who had no enemies. Any and everything said about him of a detrimental nature found no room in his mind, nor did he speak ill of any one, his sole object being to do good, and get good. His seat in the sanctuary was never vacant unless circumstances prevented his being there. About forty-five years ago he was soundly converted to God, and since that time led a highly exemplary Christian life, worthy of imitation by all who, like him, wish to inherit eternal life. At the time of his death he had in his possession every copy of his church paper (The Evangelical Botchafter) save two volumes which were mislaid or by some means destroyed. He was in the service of his Master even unto the end. He was born in Wurtemberg, Germany, emigrated to America in 1819, lived a quiet, peaceful and happy life, and died a happy death, leaving five children, 25 grand children and 10 great grand children, as well as a sorely afflicted community to mourn his departure. His funeral was attended largely (as he had none but friends). The funeral sermon was preached by Rev. E. Stambach in the German language, who was assisted by Revs. J. M. Price, D. F. Kline and L. K. Harris. D. L. Z.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, April 19. Petroleum easy; 13½c refined; Clover seed held firmly; $12 50@13 western. Flour—best grades command full prices; other grades dull; Wisconsin and Minnesota $5 25@5 75; high grades $6 25@ 7 50. Wheat quiet to $1 29@1 30; red $1 30@1 34 for amber Rye held at $1 10. Corn dull; western mixed 89c. Oats fairly active at 71@73c for white; 69@70c for mixed. Lard at 14 @15½c. Eggs firmer; western 16@16½.

CHICAGO.

Chicago, April 19.—Wheat dull and unsettled; No 1 spring $1 04@1 05; No 2 93c Corn dull, declined and unsettled; No 2 mixed 70c spot. Oats dull; No 2 at 49½c. Seeds steady; Clover seed 6½@ 6¾c.

BELLEFONET MARKETS.

White 1Wheat $1 00 Red 100....Rye 90 .....Corn 60 ....Oats 55.....Barley 90. 70.....Clo erseed 5,00 .....Potatoes 60 Lard per pound 8.....Pork per pound 06 Butter 20.....Eggs 15. .....Plaster per ton $14 Tallow 8.....Bacon 10.....Ham 15 Lard per pound 8 cents.....Buck wheat 65 cts.....Flour per barrel retail 7,00. Nova Scotia plaster $14 to 15. Cayuga plaster $9,50 per 2000 lbs.

POWERS'

BOOT AND SHOE STORE,

Opposite Bush House,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Powers' Boot & Shoe Store is the largest and best stocked establishment in Centre County.

He keeps constantly on hand a full line of

BOOTS AND SHOES.

He is just opening the largest stock of Spring Goods ever brought to Bellefonte.

EDWIN C. BURT'S Celebrated

FINE SHOES

for ladies, which are acknowledged to be the best in the world, kept constantly on hand.

Boots and Shoes for men and women, of all styles, quality and prices, from the most costly to the cheapest, constantly kept on hand.

WE DEFY COMPETITION!

either in quality or prices. Call and examine his new stock of Spring and Summer Goods, and you will find it to your advantage. Apr21ly

BUY YOUR DRUGS FROM RANKIN'S DRUG

SSSSS TTTTTTT OOO RRRR EEEEE
S T O O R R E
SSSSS T O O RRRR EEE
S T O O R R E
SSSSS T OOO R R EEEEE

(NEXT DOOR TO THE DESCHNER GUN STORE.)

FRESH AND CHEAP.

Apr. 22.

SHERIFF'S SALES.—By Virtue of Sundry writs of Fieri Facias Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County Penna., and to me directed. There will be exposed to public sale at the Court House in Bellefonte, on Friday the 23d day of April, 1875, at one o'clock p. m. The following described Real Estate to wit:

All defendant's interest in the two following described pieces of land situate in Howard twp, Centre county, Pa. No. 1, bounded, south by Bald Eagle Valley RR, west by land of James Heverly, on the north by land of Jacob Long, Jas. Whiteman, et al, on the East by land of Jacob Baker, containing 9 acres, thereon erected a frame house &c. &c. No 2. On the North by B. E. V. RR, on West by James Heverly, on the South by land of heirs of Joseph Montgomery dec'd, on the East by land of Cornelius Kane, containing 4½ acres more or less. Seized taken in Execution and to be sold as the property of John P. Packer.

ALSO,

All that certain Lot of ground situate in Liberty twp, Centre county, Pa. Bounded on the North by an alley, East by Street, South by Foot Street and West by lot of George Nibal, containing 60 feet front and 120 deep (no buildings.) Seized taken in Execution and to be sold as the property of Jacob Dunkle.

ALSO,

All that certain lot of ground situate in Madisonburg, Miles twp, Centre county, Pa. Bounded on the South by public school lot, on the East and North by land of Daniel Grim and on the West by Main Steeet, containing 1 of an acre more or less, thereon erected a Blacksmith Shop, seized taken in Execution and to be sold as the property of Wm. C. Noll.

ALSO,

All that certain lot of ground situate in Potter twp, Centre county. Bounded on the North by Geo. Rein on the South East by land of John Royer, South West by land of Amos Lee and Wm. Boal, containing three acres more or less, thereon erected a two story frame dwelling house, stable and other outbuilding. Seized taken in Execution and to be sold as the property of Samuel Painter et ux.

ALSO,

All that certain tract of land situate in Haines twp, Centre County, Pa. Bounded on the East by land of Martin Dolan late Widow Motz, on the South by land of Geo. Miller, on the West by land of Sam'l Motz et al, and on the North by twp. road, containing 40 acres more or less, thereon erected a large Stone Grist Mill, a saw mill, tenant Mill House, large two story dwelling house, bank barn and other outbuildings. Seized taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Daniel Weidensaul.

ALSO,

All that certain Messuage tenement or tract of land situate in Union twp, Centre county, Pa. Beginning at a post thence 19°, West 13½ per. to a white Walnut, thence N, 80°, West, 15 per. to a post, thence North 50°, West 36½ perches to a post, thence 32°, East 10 perches to the place of beginning, containing 4 acres 106 perches more or less, together with the appurtenances &c. Seized taken in Execution and to be sold as the property of Wm. Crassmire and Mary Crassimire.

ALSO,

All that certain tract of land situate in Gregg twp, Centre county, Pa. Bounded on the North by land of Henry Duck, East and South by land of Sam'l Yerick and West by land of Michael Ream, containing 60 acres more or less, thereon erected an old dwelling, good orchard. Seized taken in Execution and to be sold as the property of Lewis Hollenbeck.

ALSO,

All that certain tract of land situate in Worth twp, Centre county, Pa. Beginning at a white pine of Survey in the name of George Clymer and Andrew Pettet, thence by land formerly of Iron Silorb & Co, now Geo. Kelley, N. 57½ West, 320 perches to a post, thence N. 32½ E. 116 per to a stone corner of Robert Elder, thence by land of said Robert Elder, S. 57½ East, 320 per. to a post corner of said Robert Elder, on line of Robert Campbell, thence by lands of same S. 32½°, W. 115 per. to a white pine, the place of beginning, containing two hundred and thirty three acres and one hundred and thirty four perches, &c. together with the appurtenances &c. Seized taken in Execution and to be sold as the property of Gideon Whealand.

ALSO,

All that certain tract of land situate in Boggs twp, Centre county, Pa. Beginning at stones, thence by lands of J. Williams, N. 47°. East, 70 per. to stones, thence by land of Curtins, South 40°, East 160 per to a chestnut oak, thence South, 47° West 70 per. to stones, thence by land of McAllister and Yarnell, N. 43°, West 160 per. to the place of beginning, containing 70 acres more or less, thereon erected a one and a half story dwelling house, barn and other outbuildings. Seized taken in Execution and to be sold as the property of H. Heaton.

ALSO,

All that certain tract of land situate in Curtin twp, Centre county, Pa. Bounded on the North by land of John McCloskey and George Furst, East by land of John Mann, South by land of John Mann and Daniel Daley and West by land of Nathan Atwood and Wm. Zeigler, containing 158 acres more or less, thereon erected a log dwelling house, Stable &c. Seized taken in Execution and to be sold as the property of Hiram Young.

ALSO,

All that certain tract of land situate in Worth twp, Centre county, Pa. Bounded on the North by land of John J. Thompson on the East by land of W. H. Blair et al on the South by land of John H. Harpster and John I Thompson, and on the W. by land of John I. Thompson, containing one hundred and thirty acres more or less with the appurtenances &c. Seized taken in Execution and to be sold as the property of Spotts & Walker.

ALSO,

All defendants interest in a certain lot of ground situate in Potter twp, Centre county, Pa. Bounded on the South and East by land of Samuel Foster, on the North by land of Jacob Roch Sr. and on the West by land of W. J. Wilson, containing one acre, thereon erected a 1½ story frame house, stable and other outbuildings. Seized taken in Execution and to be sold as the property of Jacob Koch.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE } B. F. SHAFFER
Bellefonte. } Sheriff.
April 3rd. 1875. April 3rd.

MARRIAGES.

On the 4th inst., by Rev. W. M. Landis, Mr. Franklin Bierly to miss Dianna Greninger both of Clinton Co. Clinton co. papers, please copy.

DEATHS.

On the 11th inst., in Lewisburg, Miss Annie, aged about 14 years, daughter of W. C. and Mary J. Duncan.

On 11th, at Millheim, Mr. Augustus E. Deininger, aged 77 years, 10 months and 17 days.

On the 13th inst., Perry Smith, son of J. and M. Hazel, aged 3 years, 10 months and 25 days.

Short was thy suffering time,
And wondrous thy reward;
Thy soul has gone unstained by crime,
To stand before thy Lord. J. T.

On the 14th, inst, Klite Wolsey, son of Geo. and Susan Rupp, aged 9 months and 12 days.

Go little loved one, go,
A mother's heart can tell;
And none but her can fully know,
How hard to say farewell. J. T

In Logansville, Mrs. Sarah Carstetter, in the 47th year of her age. Disease Typhoid Pneumonia.

In the east end of Sugar Valley, on 11th inst, Mrs. Eve Troutner, in the 86th year of her age.

On 20, in Harris twp, of palsy, Daniel Kimpert, aged about 54 years.

B. G. DEININGER. A. C. MUSSER.

Established, 1843.

MILLHEIM

MARBLE WORKS

BY

DEININGER & MUSSER.

The old, reliable place, where

Monuments,
Couches,
Headstones,
and other marble

work is made, in the very best style, and upon reasonable terms.

☞ *Thankful for past favors, we respectively solicit the patronage of the public.*

Shops, East of Bridge, Millheim, Pa. Apr. 8. y.

APPLICATION FOR LICENSE Notice is hereby given that the following persons have filed their applications for license, and their petition will be presented at the next term of Court:

W H Wilkinson & Co....Bellefonte...Hotel
James Haywood.....Philipsburg.....Tavern
D Johnson & Sons .....Bellefonte.....Hotel
John Spangler..... Potter .....Hotel
George W. Hasson.....Worth .....Tavern
Daniel Garman....Bellefonte..... "
Jonathan Kreamer.....Penn.....Tavern
Gottlieb Haag.....Spring... "
Henry Robb.....Walker "
A. Baum.....Bellefonte.....Liquor Store
Jas. Passmore.....Philipsburg...Tavern
M. L. Lantzel .....Potter..... "
Rebecca Musser .....Millheim..... "
J. H. Odenkirk.....Potter.....Hotel
Robert Taylor...Philpsb'g Boro....Tavern
J C Nason..... do do ..... do
H C Yeager.....Bellefonte .....Restaurant
Jacob Manassa..... do ..... do
G W Downing..... do ..... do
C Smith..... do ..... do
Wm Brown..... do ..... do
Fred Smith..... do ..... do
Wm Dolan..... do ..... Tavern
Charles Brown..... do ..... do
Isaac Miller..... do ..... do
Geo Miller.....Haines T. ..... do
Jno Limbert..... do ..... do
Benj Snyder.....Boggs T. ..... do
Jno G Uzzle.....Snow Shoe..... do
Jno Copenhaver...Taylor T. ..... do
C A Faulkner...Philipsb'g Boro...do
E Perks & Son...Bellefonte Boro...do
Elias Miller.....Miles township... do
R Lloyd.....Philipsb'g Borc.. do
Thos Loughry....Bellefonte Boro.. do
Geo A Keller....Rush township... do
Philip Gates.....Ferguson twp.... do
H C Printz.....Huston twp..... do
Sam'l Nichols..Bellefonte Boro..Restaurant

AARON WILLIAMS,
Prothonotary

20 11 34.

REGISTER'S NOTICES.—The following accounts have been Examined and, passed by me and remain filed of record in this office, for the inspection of heirs, legatees, creditors and all others in any way interested, and will be presented to the Orphan's Court of Centre county to be held at Bellefonte for allowance and confirmation on Wednesday, the 28th day of April A. D. 1875.

The account of Edwin J. Deshler M. D., Executor of the last will and testament of Thomas Crenemiller late of Haines twp, Centre county deceased.

The account of David Fye and David Dennis administrators of the estate of John Bloom late of Ferguson twp, Centre county dec'd.

The final account of Daniel J. Decker, Guardian of Mary E. Decker, Lydia A. Decker, Perry Decker, and Sarah E Decker, children of Conrad Decker late of Potter twp, dec'd.

The account of Martin Dolan administrator of Samuel Hollabaugh, as filed by T. M. Hall and Michael Dolan administrator of Martin Dolan late of Miles twp Centre county, dec'd.

The account of A. S. Zimmerman and J. C. Zimmerman administrators of all and singular the goods and chattles rights and credits of John Zimmerman late of Worth twp, Centre county, dec'd.

The account of John F. Heckman administrator of all and singular the goods of Elizabeth Heckman late of Gregg twp, Centre county, dec'd.

The account of John Liggit and James Waggoner administrators of and singular the goods and chattles rights and credits which were of Matthias Waggoner late of Liberty twp, dec'd.

The account of Orlanda Thomas administrator of the Estate of Mrs. Mary Shilling late of Harris twp, Centre county, dec'd.

The account of Aaron J. Weaver and Jesse Wert administrators of all and singular the goods and chattles rights and credits which were of Solomon Wert late of Haines twp, dec'd.

The account of George J. Korman and John Korman, executors of the Estate of Andrew Korman late of Haines twp, Centre county, dec'd.

The partial account of J. P. Gephart, sole acting administrator of the Estate of Jacob S. Awl late of Centre county, dec'd.

The account of Jonathan Weaver, guardian of Cyrus J. Weaver, minor son of Solomon Weaver late of Miles twp, Centre county, dec'd.

The account of Daniel Shuey and Felix Shuey, executors of the last will and testament of John Shuey late of Harris twp, Centre county, dec'd.

The account of John B. Hartswick, executor of the last will and testament of Henry Hartswick late of Harris twp, Centre county, dec'd.

The account of Jacob P. Rishel administrator of all and singular the goods and chattles rights and credits which were of Daniel Rishel, sr, late of Miles twp, Centre county, dec'd.

The final account of Michael P. Weaver and A. B. Steel, administrators of the Estate of Elizabeth Ewil, late of Spring twp, Centre county, dec'd.

The account of John Rishel Esq. Guardian of Samuel Stover minor child of Geo. Stover, late of Gregg twp, dec'd and agent of John P. Taylor and Benjamin Stover, administrators of the said decedent to receive and pay out the money arising from the State of Real Estate of said decedent.

The account of Samuel Crotzer Executor of the Estate of Joseph Crotzer of the Personal Estate of Jane Crotzer, dec'd.

The Executorship account of Jacob Dinges Executor of the Estate of John Dinges late of Penn twp, Centre county, dec'd.

The account of Thomas Weston administrator of all and singular the goods and chattles rights and credits which were of Joseph C. Crocker,

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Farm Hints.

The reason why black wool is not worth as much as white wool of the same quality is, says the *Country Gentleman*, that black wool cannot be bleached and will take no other color perfectly.

Don't forget at this season to take the best care of your colts. They need the best feed of the whole season. Don't think it will pay to let the colts go out into the fields and pick old foggy grass.

The manure from animals fed on cooked or steamed food is not so valuable as from animals fed on whole or ground grain in the raw state.

It has been fully proven on the farm that the deposits of a hen are worth her feed, when used as a fertilizer. In other words, and as our friend Dickens would say, not to put too fine a point upon it, a check for the amount of her deposits, presented to the gardener's bank, should be fully honored to the amount of its face. Peccavi!

A rich, well pulverized, clean, and rather stiff loam is best for onions. The seed should be sown in rows nine or ten inches apart (some sow one foot) and four to six inches apart in the row.

The Grange is making slow but steady progress in the Dominion of Canada. While the Dominion Grange is on amicable terms with the National Grange of the United States, it owes no allegiance to it, and does not derive the charters of its subordinate granges from it.

There is no better way of killing out quack or wire grass than to summer fallow the land. Sometimes it will require two seasons and very thorough work; still it can be killed in this way.

Use only fresh seed and do not use any that is one or two years old, is the advice given by a farmer.

A correspondent who keeps about fifteen hundred fowls on his farm, a few miles from Chicago, tells the *Prairie Farmer* that he has finally settled on two breeds, the Brahmas and the Leghorn. His flock is separated into three lots, and notwithstanding the large number there has never been a case of cholera, and little trouble with other diseases.

The snow birds in Kansas are making a good living by eating the eggs of the grasshoppers, which have been thrown out of the ground by the frost.

The soil found on the slopes of Vesuvius is said to be an antidote to diseases of the vine, and other fungoid diseases of plants.

A fourteen-ton cheese is the mite that Ohio will contribute to the Centennial.

Fodder for cattle of chopped straw and hay is being mixed in Belgium just now with good wheaten flour, and allowed to ferment for twenty-four hours somewhere adjoining the stables. The aroma rising from this mixture is said to tickle the animals' palates and set their mouths watering; and, seasoned with a little pulp, this food is as economical as it is nutritive.

Common Sense in Plowing.

A corrospondent of the Detroit *Free Press* gives his opinion of plowing as follows:

Teams drawing loads on the road get a breathing spell on the descending ground, while in plowing the draught is the same from morning till night. There is a certain number of pounds that a team can draw day after day and not worry them, but if more be added, even as little as fifteen or twenty pounds, they walk unsteadily, fret, and soon tire. No amount of feeding will keep them in condition. I have seen many plows in use on which it would have been an easy matter to decrease the draught twenty-five pounds, and if men were drawing them instead of horses it would have been done. It must be plain to the farmer that every pound he can take off from the draught of his plow is so much gained for his horses.

It may be done in this way: For any soil except sand or gravel, use a steel plow. Their cost is but little more, and the draught enough less to pay the difference in plowing twenty acres. In plowing sod, the coulter does a great deal of the work, and should be kept sharp by forging at the blacksmith's, and grinding every day if necessary. Of course it will wear out sooner, but new coulters are cheaper than new teams. Set the coulter in line with the plow, the edge square in front, with an angle of forty-five degrees from the front to which it is attached to the beam.

When the share gets wora short it is poor economy to use it any longer, but replace it with a new one. Let the traces be as short as will allow the horses to walk without hitting their heels against the whiffletrees, and have just pressure enough of the wheel on the ground to make the plow run steady. If the handles crowd continually one way, the draught is not right, and if the plow is a good one it can be easily remedied at the clevis. To prevent the horses stepping over the traces in turning, fasten a weight of about three-fourths of a pound on the outside end of each single tree—that is, on the right end when you turn to the left, or vice versa. Each observing farmer knows that horses are susceptible to kindness and equally so to unkindness. I have seen horses that were working steadily made to kick with sweat in a short time by a sharp word or a jerk on the bit. Let your horses do their work as you do yours, as easily as possible, and be as willing to overlook their mistakes as you would the mistakes of human beings.

To Plow or Not to Plow.

A correspondent of the *Prairie Farmer* argues against the ancient practice of plowing: I am inclined to think non-inversion, complete pulverization and surface manuring, that is, the natural decay of vegetable growth, is best for continued fertility. In fact, I have commenced to practice this theory. I planted six acres of corn the last season, plowing about two acres, the balance I broke with spading plow and the cultivator, leaving the broken stalks on the surface. The result was average crops, as good as on the best plowed land, but not satisfactory, owing to the unprecedented drought and the universal chinch bug. I shall try again, and report in due season.

I am satisfied of one thing, the man who will give us a machine that will cut and pulverize perfectly, mix soil and trash, will prove a public benefactor. I want that machine. The idea is not very popular as yet, but let us investigate; let us get at the facts. My object in writing this is to hear from somebody. Let us find the better way. Talk about political economy! I can think of no question of more vital importance than the preservation of our soil. Tell us what the chemists say about the laws of fertilization, the changes mechanically, chemically, or otherwise, what experimenters have had to say on this subject, and oblige many like myself who are struggling for temporal salvation by agriculture.

What Will Make the Hens Lay.

Put two or more quarts of water in a kettle, add one large seed pepper or two small ones, then put the kettle over the fire, says the *Ohio Farmer*. When the water boils stir in a coarse ground Indian meal, until you make a thick mush. Let it cook an hour or more. Feed hot. Horseradish chopped fine and stirred into the mush has been found to produce good results. Four weeks ago we commenced feeding our hens mush as prepared in the above directions, and for results we are getting from five to ten eggs per day; whereas, previous to feeding, we had not had eggs for a long time. We hear a great deal of complaint from other people about not getting eggs. To all such we would warmly recommend cooked food, fed hot. Boiled appletskins, seasoned with red peppers, or boiled potatoes, seasoned with horseradish, are good for feed; much better than uncooked corn. Corn, when fed by itself, has a tendency to fatten hens, instead of producing the more profitable egg-laying. A spoonful of sulphur stirred into their feed occasionally will rid them of vermin and tone up their systems. This is especially good for young chickens or turkeys. Out of a flock of ten chickens, hatched the last of November, we have lost but one. They have been fed cooked feed mostly and are growing finely.

THE MASSACRE OF THE GERMANS.

The Sad Story of the Massacre and the Capture of Two of the Girls by the Indians

The story of the massacre of the German family by the Indians is revived with additional but sad interest by the return of the two girls who were held by the Indians. The family consisted of John Gorman, his wife, Lydia, and seven children, as follows: Rebecca, twenty-one; Stephen, nineteen; Johanna, fifteen; Catherine, seventeen; Sophia, eleven; Julia, seven, and Nancy, five. Five years ago they left Morgantown, Fannin county, Ga., and removed to Howell county, Missouri. In May, 1872, they removed to Merryville, Stone county, Mo., and in the following September they immigrated to Elgin, Howard county, Kan., from which place they started to Colorado, and on this journey they were all, with the exception of four, murdered. On arriving at Smoke Hill river, in the central part of Kansas, only about fourteen miles from the Kansas Pacific railroad and within thirty miles of Fort Wallace, they were attacked by the Indians.

Catherine in an interview said: Just as the sun was rising, and while engaged in driving the cattle up the river bank toward the wagon, I heard shots and yells, and, running closer, saw my father fall, shot through the back by an Indian. I was terribly frightened, but I can never forget the spectacle that there ensued. My brother Stephen was a half mile away hunting up some stock, and he had a gun with him. As poor father fell mother rushed toward him only to receive a shot from another Indian who fired at her head, killing her almost instantly. My father was not killed at once, for he moved his arms about as he was scalped by one of the party. They also scalped my mother. An old squaw picked up our axe and struck it in my father's head, leaving it fixed in his skull.

During the time this was going on one party rode after Stephen and shot and scalped him. My sister, Rebecca, made a brave defense with an axe; she knocked down one of the Indians and would have killed him if she had not been tomahawed from behind. While half insensible and scarcely alive, the Indians—five or six of them—despoiled her person, and after that they scalped her. They then carried her near the wagon, tore off her clothes, piled them over her, with some other things from the wagon, and while she was still alive set fire to the pile and burned her up.

Here the broken-hearted girl broke down, and it was some time before she could proceed. Amidst sobs and tears, and in broken utterances, she continued as follows, occasionally assisted by Sophia:

After all were killed but we five sisters, they gathered around us to see which one should be put out of the way, as they said they could only take four along. One Indian, who seemed to be a chief, came up, and looking at Johanna and me suddenly drew up his gun and shot sister's head off. I was so frightened that I could not stir for a long time. As soon as they got everything they wanted they set the wagon on fire and killed the cattle; then made Sophia and I get on horses and tied us on, took our two little sisters up in front of them and started off as fast as the horses could go. We traveled all day, going due south I should judge. One squaw tried to save Rebecca's life; but the Indian she hit with the axe said he would have her scalp, and so she was killed. After traveling two days we crossed a railroad track. The day after we got over the railroad Medicine Man, with a small party, left, and were gone until late in the afternoon. When they came up to us they had three fresh scalps and a number of articles of wearing apparel that must have belonged to a man, woman and small child; also had a lot of canned fruit and oysters. After keeping us riding nearly two weeks the main camp near the Staked Plains was reached. Stone Calf had command, and when they brought us in all the tribe turned out and had a great time. The same night they had a big scalp dance over the scalps of our family, and made us look at it.

Two days after the main body of Indians was reached. They took sisters Julia and Nancy away from the camp, and I have never seen them since. Sophia saw them once, about December, but only for a few minutes. All of us were one day placed on horses, and, after the Indian fashion, made to ride as fast as the horses could go, and the Indian who caught us had to take care of us for good. Soon after this the whole body started north to get out of the way of the troops which, it was reported, were close at hand. Stone Calf, with Sophia, was left behind with about one hundred more, and the rest, under charge of Gray Beard, Eagle Head, Hemps or Bird and Lean Bear, still kept on the north. In about a week, while encamped on Wolf creek, the soldiers again made the Indians run. I did not see them, but heard the guns. All of this time I was on horseback and a good deal of the time very sick; had to ride all the time, and at night was often whipped and beaten because I could not carry as much wood and water as some of the squaws. All this time I was under the charge of Long Back. At times I was nearly frozen, having nothing but a blanket to keep warm with at night. Sometimes there would be a foot of snow on the ground, but they made me work just as hard. This was about December. My feet were frozen and the nails of my right foot all came off. In January I met sister Sophia for a short time, and she told me we were better to be killed.

Catharine was asked if she thought they would kill her, and she answered: No; I always thought the soldiers would release us some time and told Sophia not to be afraid. In the latter part of January I received a letter from General Neil, brought to the camp by a Kiowa scout, telling me to keep up good spirits and the soldiers would soon capture us. A second letter was received soon after this, but the Indians would not let me open it. They used to let me look at it, but would not let me take it into my own hands. As soon as these letters were received I felt over so much better. From this time until Romeo met us the Indians treated me much better. We had but little to eat. Horses and dogs were all the meat we had. When the Kiowas were in camp with the letter they would not let me out of the lodge for fear they would steal me and take me to Fort Sill. One squaw was at times very kind to me, but all the rest used to strike me every chance they had. They used to paint me every few days.

About a month ago I was sure the Indians were going to surrender, as Stone Calf and Eagle Head with their bands joined ours and all started north. I did not see Sophia all this time, but knew she was near me, as the squaw that had been good to me said: "Little sister with Stone Calf." At last Medicine Water came to my lodge and told me I was to be given up. I asked him to let me see Sophia, and he answered, "Sister dead." I did not believe him, and one day Stone Calf told me she was alive and well. About two weeks ago I saw a four-horse wagon coming toward our camp, and as soon as it was near enough I started to run out and meet it. The Indians would not let me, but made me go into a tent. Soon Romeo came to me and spoke to me in English. It was the first time I had heard it for months. He said I might go with him and he would take good care of me. I got into the ambulance, and there for the first time in two months saw Sophia. We at once left the Indians behind and in two days came in sight of the soldiers' tents, where I saw General Neil, Mrs. Miles and all the rest who were so kind to me. I could not help crying. Mrs Miles is as kind as a mother to us.

"Did they take all the clothes away from you at the time you were captured?"

"Yes, and only gave me an old blanket to keep warm with."

"Can you identify the Indians who made the attack on your family?"

"I have seen them all fifty times since and can tell them all."

"How many of them was there?"

"Seventeen men and two squaws."

"Have you seen the squaw that hit your father with an axe since?"

"Only once."

"Was Medicine Water one of the war party?"

"He seemed to be the leader."

"Did they scalp all the family after they were killed?"

"All expect Johanna. She had been sick and her hair was very short."

"How was Sophia treated after she left you?"

"From what she tells me she had a much easier time than I had. She was only whipped once or twice, and did not have to carry so much wood and water."

"Where will you go, now that you are rescued from the Indians?"

"I don't know yet," she replied. "I would prefer to remain here rather than go back to Georgia. If Sophia and I can get a good school education here I would rather stay here than go anywhere—they are so good to me."

Stop My Paper.

The *Christian Weekly* tells the story—with a moral—of a church difficulty which occurred in a certain town. About this time John B. Gough lectured in the place, and Mr. Gough in complete oblivion of the recent small trouble arose to speak, which he did with an introduction somewhat after this fashion:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am a plain man; and I am accustomed to speak my thoughts plainly, without much weighing of my words, and without stopping to consider whether they are what will please my audience in all respects or not. And if, in this evening's lecture, I should chance to say anything that does not please you; I beg that none of you will get up and march out of the house to mark your displeasure. I have known this to be done. I have even known a Christian man on the Sabbath, and in church, when the minister happened to say something that did not please him, get up and slam the pew-door behind him, and stalk majestically down the aisle, as though the minister was hired just to say things just to please him!

"Ladies and gentlemen, it was an ancient notion that souls were transmitted from one to another; that no new souls were ever created, but that whenever a babe was born some one else died, and the soul of the dying man was transferred to the body of the babe; and I have sometimes thought, when I have seen a man go stalking out of church, to the disturbance of minister and congregation, because the minister happened to say something that did not just please him, that this theory of the transmigration of souls might be true, and when that man was born nobody happened to die."

We do not know whether Mr. Gough knows to this day why his hit took so much better than it usually does, and was so rapturously cheered, with clapping of hands and laughter. It is to be presumed that he was not allowed to leave town in ignorance, however. At all events, neither "pillar" nor parson left the church, and Mr. Gough proved an unconscious peacemaker.

Moral.—The man who cries "Stop my paper!" because a journal whose general character he thoroughly approves differs from him in judgment on some single point, is second cousin to the man who stalks indignantly out of church because the minister is bold enough to say something that does not exactly please him.

The Emotions of a Pauper.

It has been noted that a certain desperate, but calm, stubborn and sullen air of resignation appeared to settle upon paupers who have been for any length of time attached to county poorhouses. A man once a pauper, seems scarcely ever to rise above the humiliating position and settles down to it, as if he had gone contentedly "over the hills to the poorhouse," and had lost all ambition to go beyond it. Recently, a Chicago paper, desiring to know something of the interior of the poorhouse of Cook county, sent up a reporter, as a county-house vagrant, and he was there three days. In an article on the subject he says:

It is curious to reflect upon how easily one may be influenced by his surroundings. For that matter, we are all more or less creatures of circumstances, growing up according to the character of our birth-place in life. But, even after having become thoroughly accustomed to and identified with our station and mode of living, a change of place and association will eventually alter our whole principle of action, our ideas, and our character. So frail is the human mind! Living among paupers during three days, imbibing their sentiments, sharing to the full their discomforts and their sorrows, I began almost imperceptibly to think of myself as really one of them. At first I had been obliged to exert myself to act my part; gradually the task became easier; till, finally, I found myself almost wondering whether I had ever been anything else. What was this powerful yet slender bond which united me to the outer world? How frail the barrier, undistinguishable to any save myself, which separated me from these wretched outcasts about me! It seemed as if the slightest of agencies might snap them both asunder, and leave me a pauper in truth. Hearing the hysterical voice of the "boss pauper," I involuntarily shrunk back with a shadow of the terror which held my associates. I knew, of course, that I need have no apprehension, and that a motion from me would transfer me back to the world. Yet, such was the influence of surroundings, that I was subject to the emotions I have described.

A "Home-Made" Dwelling.

Mr. J. A. Anderson, carpenter at St. John, N. B., for the last four years has been building a good sized house for himself, and finished it with scarcely any additional labor, except that of his own hands. It is a substantial wooden house, built on spiles, thirty-six feet by twenty-six feet, with a pitched roof, and low attic windows. It is two stories high, containing four rooms on the ground floor. The work has mostly been done after ordinary working hours. The house is furnished with gas and water, but Mr. Anderson is his own plumber, and fits up sinks, lavatories, etc., besides doing all the woodwork and plastering. He showed us a broken marble slab which he had repaired in an ingenious manner by means of a bar of iron attached across it by screws, and he was cutting out a large circular hole in it for a lavatory, by the slow process of boring holes all round the intended opening. Mr. Anderson seems to have some practical ideas concerning domestic arrangements which might be copied by other builders. For instance, he places his kitchen sink on iron legs (his own blacksmithing) instead of the usual cupboard, that everything may be open and above board, so to speak, and the dirty dish cloths may have free ventilation

Mr. Anderson having unwisely built his house at the extreme edge of his lot, his neighbors conceived the idea of raising a piece of garden ground several feet high right against the eastern end of it, which would have caused that portion to rot. After obtaining small relief from litigation he thought it best to move his house some five or six feet, so as to throw the passage to the rear, between the house and the raised ground; so he immediately set to work and cut through his chimneys above their foundations, which rested on the ground below, and moved the house, having previously put down extra spiles, a work of no little labor in itself.

Motherly Devotion.

A story is told by a farmer at Bloomfield, Pa., which seems to indicate reasoning power and a bit of the heroic element in a common rat. Two rats, an old gray matron of the corncrib and her offspring, had been caught together in a common box trap. Through a crack the pair could be seen together within, loving enough, till the farm dog was brought to the mouth of the trap. As soon as the mother rat scented the dog she seemed immediately to divine the approaching fate, and giving a terrible squeal, she caught the little rat by the neck and bit him sharply, causing almost instant death. The trap was opened an instant after, and the old rat, which had thus killed her offspring rather than have it murdered by the dog, quietly submitted to her fate.

The convert to the woman's crusade, Van Pelt, has been fined twenty dollars and given thirty days in the workhouse for disturbing a religious meeting.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Items of Interest from Home and Abroad.

The Paris *Bien Republic* says the Emperor of Brazil proposes to abdicate in favor of his daughter, the Countess d'Eu, and make his home in the United States.... There are serious differences between Don Carlos and the Carlist council or the province of Navarre.... The trial of the Gaikwar of Baroda, on the charge of attempting to poison the British resident at his court, has resulted in the disagreement of the commission before which the case was tried.... Resolutions ordering three separate and distinct inquiries into the canal frauds were passed by the Canal board, the Senate and the Assembly of New York State.... The Governor of Texas has appealed to the President for aid to suppress the outrages perpetrated by Mexicans on the Texas border, and the Secretary of War has telegraphed the commanding officer of the Department of Texas to use every effort to prevent further raids.... Ex-State Senator Robert McKenna, of Tennessee, has been sent to prison for five years for marrying his former wife's granddaughter.... All the faro banks and lottery and policy shops in Washington are to be closed by the police.... The Rev. J. L. Ross, of Niles, Mich., has been sentenced to six years in the State prison for the forgery of a deed on which he obtained $1,000.... The residence of Mr. Sedgway, near Genoa, Nevada, was burned, and the owner's body found in the ruins. An inquiry showded that the man had probably been murdered by Indians, and the house afterward burned to cover the crime.... The epizootic has again appeared in Picton county, N. S. A number of valuable horses have fallen victims to it.

Henry Ward Beecher, in his evidence in the great Tilton vs. Beecher case, testified that he was born in Litchfield, Conn., in 1813. He was thirteen years old when he left Litchfield. The family lived in Boston for eight years following, and Mr. Beecher graduated at Amherst College in 1834. He studied at Lane's University three years and was licensed as a preacher in 1837, his first pulpit being at Lawrenceburg, Ind. In 1847 he went to Brooklyn and assumed the pastorate of Plymouth Church, then just organized. At that time the church numbered twenty people. He preached continuously at Plymouth Church from that time to this. "I do not think," he said, "that during that time—twenty-seven years—I have lost five Sundays." The number of communicants of Plymouth Church he places at from twenty-five hundred to three thousand. Aside from his duties as clergyman, he has filled several editorial positions, written a large number of books, and delivered numberless lectures.... The Overlook Mountain House in the Catskills, near Woodstock, Ulster county, N. Y., a famous summer resort, caught fire and was entirely consumed.... A meeting of merchants in New York, irrespective of party, was held, at which resolutions indorsing the action of Governor Tilden relative to canals were passed, and a committee appointed to present the report to Governor Tilden.... Labor troubles are reported in several cotton manufacturing towns of Massachusetts, Maine and New Hampshire, caused, as alleged, by an imperative order from the Fall River Head Centre of the National Union, requiring operatives to demand a restoration of former prices.... The decrease of the public debt of the United States since June 30, 1874, has been $9,453,462.62.... Mr. Childer, speaking at Pontefract, England, prophesied a brilliant future for America, and said that England should seek the friendship and alliance of the United States.

The Cuban government has abolished the 2½ per cent. tax on capital and imposed an income tax of fifteen per cent..... It is reported that Spain has requested Germany to order its war vessels to bombard Zaranz for the Gustav outrage, but Germany has refused.... Delegate Cannon, of Utah, was put on trial for polygamy and discharged, the prosecution being barred by the statute of limitations..... The New York State Senate passed a resolution to investigate the folls charged in New York on grain transfers..... Andreas Egner and George Rufer, the murderers of Herman Schilling, will be hanged at Cincinnati July 13..... John N. J. Monks's house in Boardville, N. J., was burned. Two children were saved by being thrown from a window. Two others were burned to ashes. Mr. Monks was so terribly burned that he died..... The mills of Natick, R. I., closed recently, owing to the strike of the operatives..... The boiler in Tunnel's Mills, in Elliotsville, Jefferson county, Ohio, exploded, killing three men..... The bodies of three men who had perished with cold were found by hunters in a roofless cabin in Ness county, Kansas..... Harry Brown, aged thirteen, son of a New York custom house official, was found dead in his father's barn in Bloomingbergh, Orange county, having accidently hanged himself while preparing a first of April trick.... Enoch Avery, of Farmington, Me., was attacked by his half crazy son, who severely wounded him with a shot gun. The lad then went into the barn, set it on fire, and perished in the flames..... Sylvanus Keller, his wife, and five children, were buried in the ruins of their house, which was blown down in Jasper county, Mo. All were saved but one daughter seven years old.

The government of Santa Domingo will make a demand of $5,000,000 of the United States for the latter's armed intervention in support of Baez..... The yellow fever is raging in Havana. On the Spanish iron-clads in the harbor much fatality exists..... It is claimed that Costino is at the head of the Mexicans engaged in raiding in Texas, and that his band of murderers numbers about 1,500 men fully armed..... The London *Times*, reviewing the Moody and Sankey revival, considers the movement transitory, although long to be remembered as a curious feature of religious life..... The number of Spanish soldiers slain by the *vomito* since the Cuban war began is twenty-fold that which has fallen by native steel and lead..... Governor Porter, of Tennessee, has pardoned ex-State Senator McKenna, who was only a few weeks ago sentenced to five years in the penitentiary for marrying his former wife's granddaughter..... Many of the volunteers arriving in Cuba from Spain are Carlist prisoners, who, after being captured, prefer Cuba to home prisons..... A destructive fire with loss of life occurred at Buffalo, N. Y..... McCartney, recently arrested in Texas charged with counterfeiting, has been the means of sending over two hundred persons to the penitentiary for disposing of his bogus money..... United States Minister Woodburne is trying to get the French people interested in the Centennial, but has hard work of it, as Frenchmen do not take to expositions to any great extent..... Since the issue of General Cabrera's manifesto to the Carlists 244 officers have left the service of Don Carlos and entered France. Of these nine were generals.

The election in Connecticut resulted in a Democratic victory. Governor Ingersoll is re-elected by a large majority..... Nearly all the university professors in Spain have signed a protest against the reactionary educational measures..... The King of Burmah is preparing for war against the Indian government..... The steamship Faraday has sailed from Gravesend to complete the laying of the direct United States cable..... A woman in Pinar del Rio, Cuba, believing she was acting by the orders of the spirits, tore out the eyes of her son, and afterward attempted to tear out her own..... President Grant says that he can see no reason for anticipating a war with Mexico..... A $30,000 horse was killed on the Paris (Ky.) track by a collision..... A man was carried over the falls at Little Falls, on the Passaic river, above Paterson, N. J., and drowned. The boat was broken to fragments..... Work is to be resumed at once on the East river bridge between New York and Brooklyn.

In the election disturbances at Annapolis, Md., one man was killed and nine others injured..... In one day the papers reported no less than six cases of suicide in different sections of the United States..... The departments at Washington are preparing to make a creditable display at the Centennial..... Mr. Young's Naturalization bill has passed the Dominion House of Commons. It entitles Germans naturalized in Canada, after a residence of five years, to all the rights and privileges of British subjects in any part of the world as fully as if British subjects by birth..... A bill is before the New York Legislature providing for the appointment by the Governor of seven commissioners to represent, without pay, the State at the Centennial exhibition in Philadelphia. The bill appropriates $25,000 to be used in aiding the exhibitors from that State..... George W. Wunder, aged seventeen years, entered a hotel elevator in Baltimore, and while ascending was instantly killed, his head being crushed between the top of the elevator and the ceiling..... The Rome correspondent of the Paris *Journal des Debats* says that the Pope will take up his residence in the United States if it should become impossible for him to remain in Rome, and says it was with a view to such a possible emergency that Archbishop McCloskey was elevated to the Cardinalate..... It is stated that the pardon of James H. Ingersoll by Governor Tilden, of New York, was granted on Ingersoll's turning State's evidence against the old Tammany ring. His revlestions are believed to implicate persons against whom no proofs have hitherto been obtained and disclose the existence of a large amount of property which the city can secure..... The vote for Governor in Connecticut stood 53,785 for Ingersoll, Dem., 44,303 for Greene, Rep., and 2,756 for Smith, Temperance. The Congressional delegation shows three Democrats and one Republican; a Democratic gain of two. The State Legislature is Democratic.

Hints About Indigestion.

There is no more common ailment with persons of middle life than indigestion, nor one which arises from such varied causes, or which is oftentimes more difficult to cure. Anything which destroys the tone of the liver, gall, stomach, or spleen, such as climate, intoxication, sedentary habits, intense study or anxiety, excess of any kind, irregularity of bodily functions or way of living, hard food, gluttony, too frequent use of warm slops, as tea, coffee, etc., will produce indigestion. Knowing the cause, then, enables us to find a remedy, yet often it requires a long time to restore activity and tone to those organs which have been injured by long debility, or morbid action, and if accompanied by flatulency, loss of appetite, acidity, etc., these symptoms will suggest a modification of the remedies to be employed. The following are recommended to remove the immediate symptoms of indigestion: 1. Magnesia, three drachms; rhubarb in powder, one scruple; water, four ounces; cinnamon water, one ounce; compound spirit of lavender, half a drachm. Take two tablespoonfuls three times a day. This will destroy acidity and restore tone to the stomach. 2. Dill water, three ounces; spirit of cinnamon, one ounce; ammoniated tincture of valerian, two drachms; tincture of opium, forty drops; sulphuric ether, one drachm. This assists to allay pain and destroy flatulency. 3. Soocotrine aloes and powdered rhubarb, each, one drachm; compound powder of cinnamon, one scruple; hard soap, half a drachm; syrup to form a mass, which may be divided into fifty pills, of which two is a sufficient dose. This is an aperient, and consequently assists digestion by removing crude matters from the stomach. 4. Infusion of columbo, six ounces; carbonate of potass, one drachm; compound tincture of gentian, three drachms. Dose, two or three tablespoonfuls daily at noon. 5. Epsom salts, three drachms; rose water, half a pint; tincture of cascarilla, half an ounce. Dose as last. 6. Quick-lime, half an ounce, slacked by sprinkling on it a little water, and when it has fallen to powder, add water, pint and a half; bruised Peruvian bark, one ounce. Soak for three hours, occasionally stirring it, in a covered vessel, then decant the clear liquid, and add tincture of bark, two ounces; sweet spirits of niter, three drachms; syrup of orange peel, one ounce. Mix well, and keep it in a corked bottle. Dose, a wineglassful two or three times a day, with an aperient medicine occasionally. 7. Carbonate of soda, one drachm; compound tincture of rhatany, one ounce; tinctures of ginger and chamomile, of each, three drachms; camphor and jalap, seven ounces. Dose as before.

The Reason of It.

Says a New York paper: New York is crowded with rich unmarried men, afraid of the expense of supporting these gilded butterflies. There is a bachelor at the Fifth Avenue Hotel whose income is $20,000 a year, and still he says he can't afford to get married. He's a proud fellow, and says, as a single man, he can have the best horses, best rooms, and best box at the opera.

"If I should get married," he said, "I would have to stint myself or overdraw my income."

"How is that?" asked a friend.

"Well, now, come into the parlor and I'll show you. You see, ladies are extravagant nowadays. They dress so much more than in Europe. I mean they don't wear rich diamonds like the women of Florence and Milan, but they wear such rich dresses, laces, shawls, and furs. Now, I'm proud, and I would not want my wife outdressed, so I have to keep out of the marriage business."

"Do you see that lady there?" he said, pointing to a fashionable caller.

"Yes."

"Well, she has on a $400 panniered, wattaned, polonaised, brown, gros grain dress, and I wear a $60 coat. She wears a $1,200 camel's hair shawl and a $500 set of sable, while I wear a $70 overcoat. She wears a $70 bonnet, while I wear an $8 hat. She wears $200 worth of point applique and point angule, while I wear a $6 shirt. Her shoes cost $15, and mine cost $12. Her ordinary morning jewelry, which is changed every year, not counting diamonds, cost $400; mine cost $50."

"Well, how does it foot up?"

"Why, the clothes she has on cost $2,225, and mine cost $206, and that is only one of her dozen outfits, while I only have—say three. The fact is," said he, growing earnest, "I couldn't begin to live in a brown stone front with that woman and keep up appearances to match—carriages, church, dinners, opera, and seaside for $20,000. I'd have to become a second-rate man, and live in an eighteen foot house, or withdraw over to Second avenue, and that I'll be hanged if I do!" and he slung his fist down into a nice silk hat in the excess of his earnestness.

Describing a Husband.

A married lady, compelled to show her letters to her husband, sent the following to a friend:

I cannot be satisfied, my dearest friend, blest as I am in the matrimonial state, unless I pour into your friendly bosom, which was always in unison with mine, the various sensations which swell with the liveliest emotions of pleasure, my almost burning heart. My dear husband is the most amiable of men. I have been married seven weeks, and have never found the least reason to repent the act, as my husband is in person and manners unlike the ugly, cross, disagreeable and jealous men, who think by confining to secure, A wife it is his maxim to treat as a bosom friend and companion, not as a menial, slave, or plaything the woman of his choice ———. Neither party, he says, should always obey implicitly, but yield to each other in turns. An ancient maiden aunt, near seventy, a cheerful, venerable and kind old lady, is staying with us———she is the delight of both young and old; she is civil to all the neighborhood around, generous and charitable to the poor. My husband likes nothing better than he does me; he flatters me more than the glass and his intoxication (for so I call the excess of his love) makes me blush for the unworthiness of it in object. I wish I was deserving of the man whose name I bear. To say all in one word ——— ——— and to crown the whole———my former love is now my own husband, my fondness is returned, and I might have had a prince, without the felicity I find in him. Adieu! Be you as blest, as I'm unable to wish that I could be more happy.

EXPLANATION.—Read the first line, and then every other only.

Estimates and Cost of Public Works.

The canal question before the New York Legislature has called attention to the cost of public works. To show that the actual cost of all great works, not only in New York, but in other States, has always been enormously in excess of the original estimates, Mr. Alvord asserted that the original estimate for the Erie canal enlargement was $12,000,000 and the actual cost $44,000,000; that the original estimate for the Champlain canal was $871,000, and the actual cost $4,000,000; that the original estimates for all the State canals were $20,000,000 and the actual cost $72,000,000. This is a striking exhibit, and its force, says a prominent city paper, is not much impaired by some inaccuracy in the figures.

Stephen Allen's Maxims.

Keep good company or none.
Never be idle.
If your hands cannot be usefully employed, cultivate your mind.
Always speak the truth.
Make few promises.
Live up to your engagements.
Keep your own secrets, if you have any.
When you speak to a person, look him in the face.
Good company and good conversations are the very sinews of virtue.
Good character is above all things else.
Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.
If one speaks evil of you, live so that none will believe him.
Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors.
Ever live (misfortunes excepted) within your income.
When you retire, think over what you have done during the day.
Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper.
Small and steady gains give competency with tranquility of mind.
Never play at any game of chance.
Avoid temptation, through fear you may not withstand it.
Earn money before you spend it.
Never run into debt unless you see a way to get out again.
Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it.
Do not marry until you are able to suport a wife.
Never speak evil of any one.
Be just before you are generous.

If every one of our readers would try Dobbins' Electric Soap (Cragin & Co., Philadelphia), they would, like us, become firm believers in its wonderful merit. Have your grocer order it.

The London *Telegraph* thus compliments intelligent Englishmen: If a body of one hundred Englishmen, possessed of ordinary intelligence and education, were to be selected at haphazard, we risk little in saying that not five of the number would be able to state off-hand how many States there are in the American Union.

The art of voicing reeds, the most difficult and important in the manufacture of cabinet or parlor organs, was invented by Mr. Emmons Hamlin, of the Mason & Hamlin Organ Co., in 1847. It has been universally adopted by American and largely by European makers, but none have attained that high standard of excellence in it which is reached in the Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs. This fact is universally recognized by musicians.

An Indian's Full Dress Suit.

The editor of the San Antonia *Herald* was shown the paraphernalia of an Indian recently killed on Devil's river by a party of stockmen. The trappings consist of a head dress of feathers, beads, etc., to which a trail of red flannel was attached, adorned with eagle feathers, and long enough to have swept the ground. It is a gorgeous piece of architecture. The shield has several buckskin coverings, very artistically arranged with plumes, stuffed birds, and a little buckskin figure of a man, which is supposed to be an idol. In the middle of the shield dangles the flaxen scalp of a white girl, worked in with beads and tied up with blue ribbon, like the braid of a schoolgirl.

Modern Medical Discovery.

It is claimed that disease, with a few exceptions, has been conquered by the research and intellect of enlightened men; and yet a noted professor of New York admits that "of sciences, medicine is the most uncertain," and that "thousands are annually slaughtered in the sick room." Certain "schools" of medicine are in existence, one of which "makes the patient ill" in order to claim a cure; and another administers "sugar-coated bread pills," relying upon nature to effect her own cures. Dr. J. Walker, of California, an old and respected physician, tried both modes of treatment and both failed. He then appealed to nature's curative—herbs; and now enjoys rugged health. He has given the benefit of his discovery to the world, in the shape of Vinegar Bitters, and since its introduction has sold a quantity almost large enough to make a small harbor, or to float the Great Eastern. Its curative properties are attested by grateful thousands.

Not to be Given Away.

A lady went to pay her respects to one of the latest arrivals on the list of babyhood, when the following colloquy took place between her and the little four-year old sister of the new comer: "I have come for that baby now," said she. "You can't have it," was the reply. But I must; I came over on purpose," urged the visitor. "We can't spare it at all," persisted the child, "but I'll get a piece of paper and you can cut a pattern."

Died Suddenly of Heart Disease.

How common is the announcement. Thousands are suddenly swept into eternity by this fatal malady. This disease generally has its origin in impure blood filled with irritating, poisonous materials, which, circulating through the heart, irritate its delicate tissues. Though the irritation may at first be only slight, producing a little palpitation or irregular action, or dull, heavy, or sharp darting pains, yet by-and-bye disease becomes firmly seated, and inflammation or hypertrophy, or thickening of the lining membrane or of the valves, is produced. How wise to give early attention to a case of this kind. Unnatural throbbing or pain in the region of the heart should admonish one that all is not right, and if you would preserve it from further disease, you must help it to beat rightly by the use of such a remedy as will remove the cause of the trouble. Use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery from the commencement, and be seated, and it will, by its great blood purifying and wonderful regulating properties, effect a perfect cure. It contains medicinal properties which act specially upon the tissues of the heart, bringing about a healthy action. Sold by all first-class druggists.

HEART DISEASE CURED.

ROCKPORT, Spencer Co., Ind., Feb. 1, 1874.
Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.:
About two years ago I was afflicted with a disease of the heart, which at times created a pressure around it, almost causing suffocation. I saw an advertisement of your Golden Medical Discovery, recommending the same as a cure for disease of the heart. I then bought half a dozen bottles of it, and after using three bottles I was entirely relieved and am now enjoying good health. Gratefully yours,
VITUS KILLIAN.

We invite the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Dr. Langley's Root and Herb Bitters, which have for more than twenty years been so favorably known and so extensively used as a spring and summer medicine. Few preparations equal these bitters in purifying and cleansing the blood of all impurities, and thus recovering the health and correcting all diseases of the stomach and bowels. For the various complaints that are cured by this valuable medicine see the advertisement headed "Buy me and I'll do you good," in to-day's paper.—*Com.*

BRONCHITIS OR CHRONIC SORE THROAT.—It is attended with irritation of the bronchial tubes, which convey the air we breathe into the lungs. This irritation produces sore throat, hoarseness, coughing, and sometimes spitting of the matter streaked with blood. If it is neglected it will extend down to the lungs, and settles into confirmed consumption. Allen's Lung Balsam will be found a most valuable remedy for curing this disease, and prevent its running into consumption. For sale by all medicine dealers.—*Com.*

Patented 1873. The best Elastic Truss. Made only by Pomeroy & Co., 744 B'dway, N.Y. —*Com.*

THE HUMAN HAIR.—How many persons abuse this delicate and beautiful ornament, by burning it with *alcoholic washes* and plastering it with grease, which has no affinity for